

# The New Industrialism





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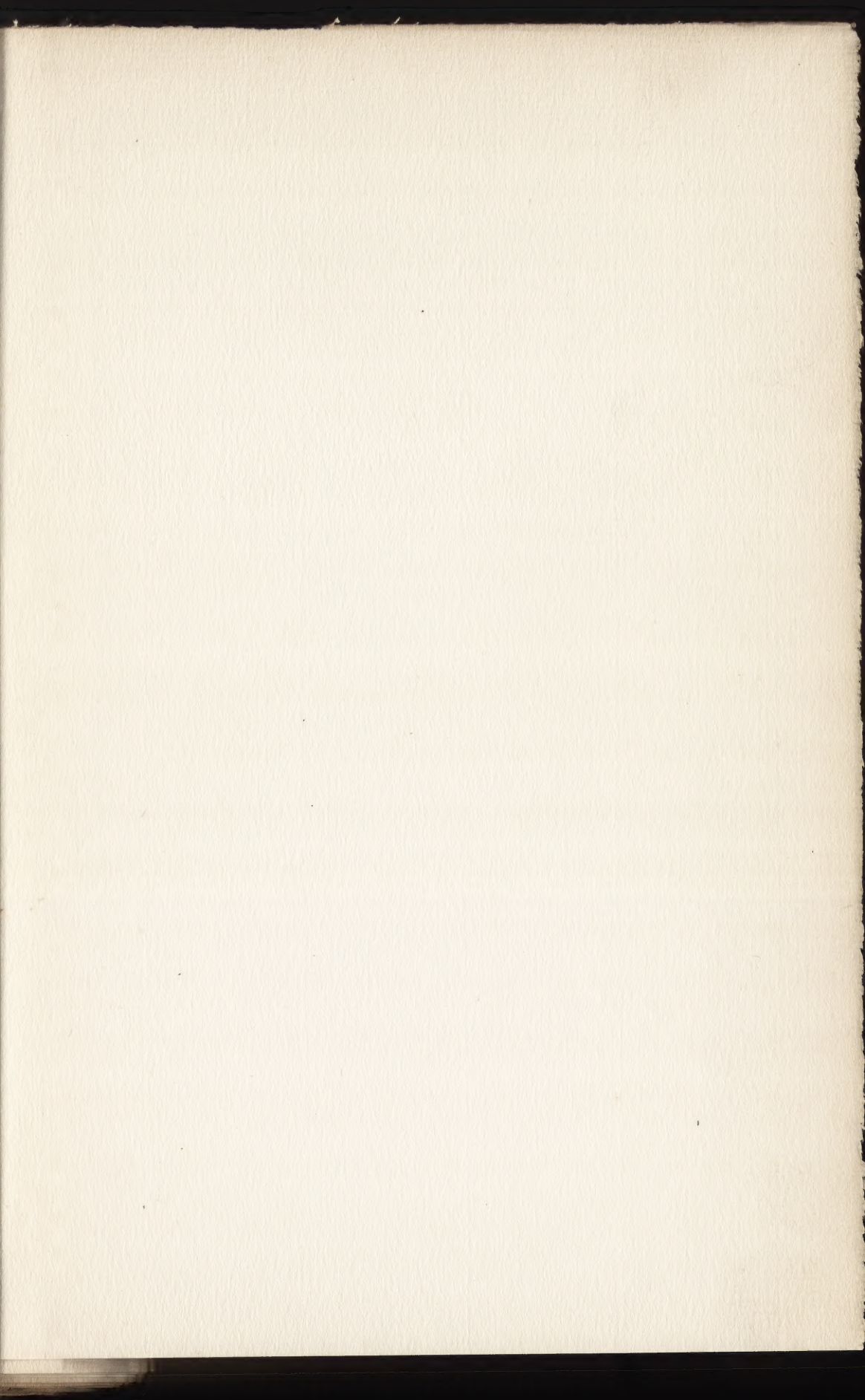
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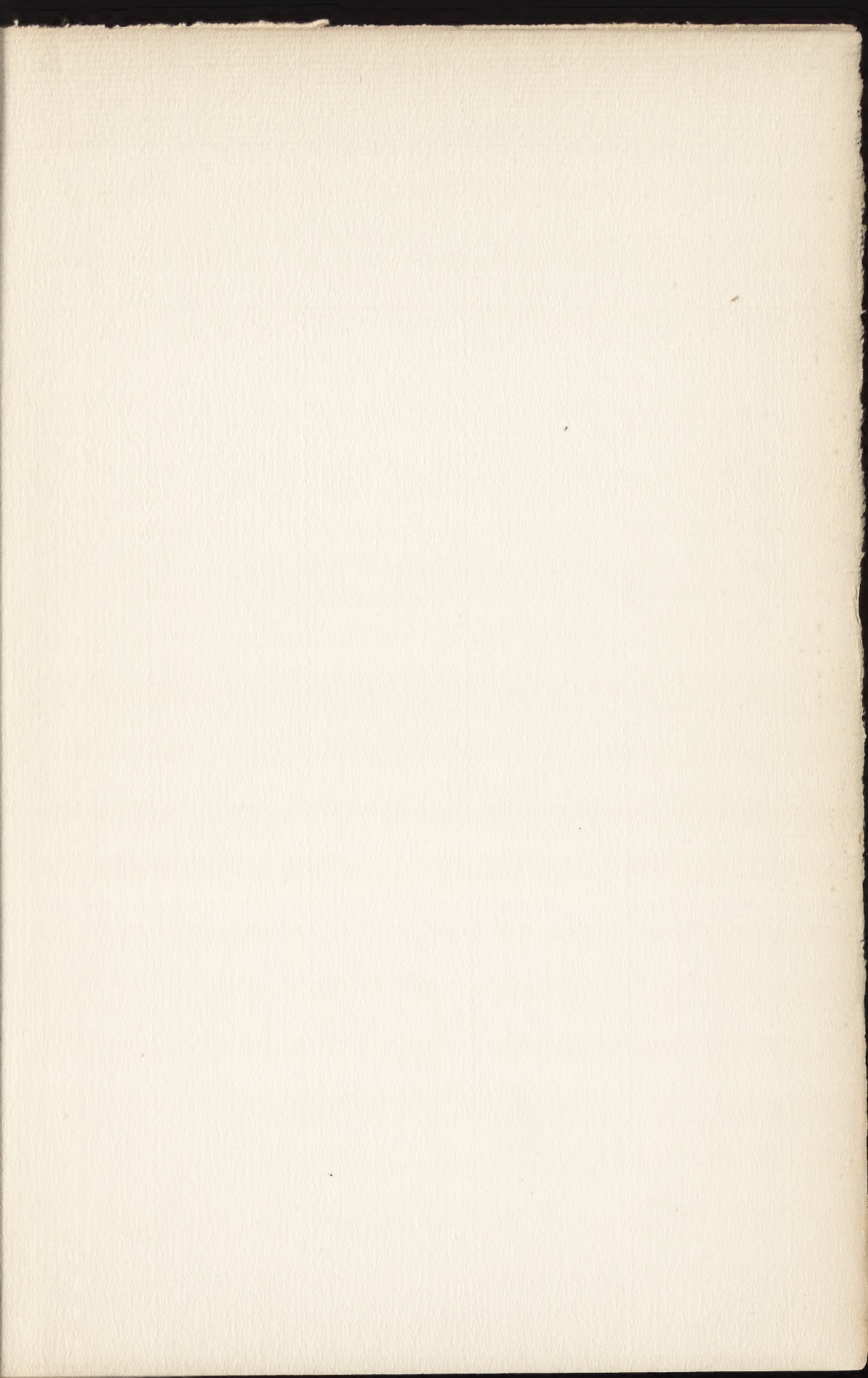














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BY R. J. ROBERTS

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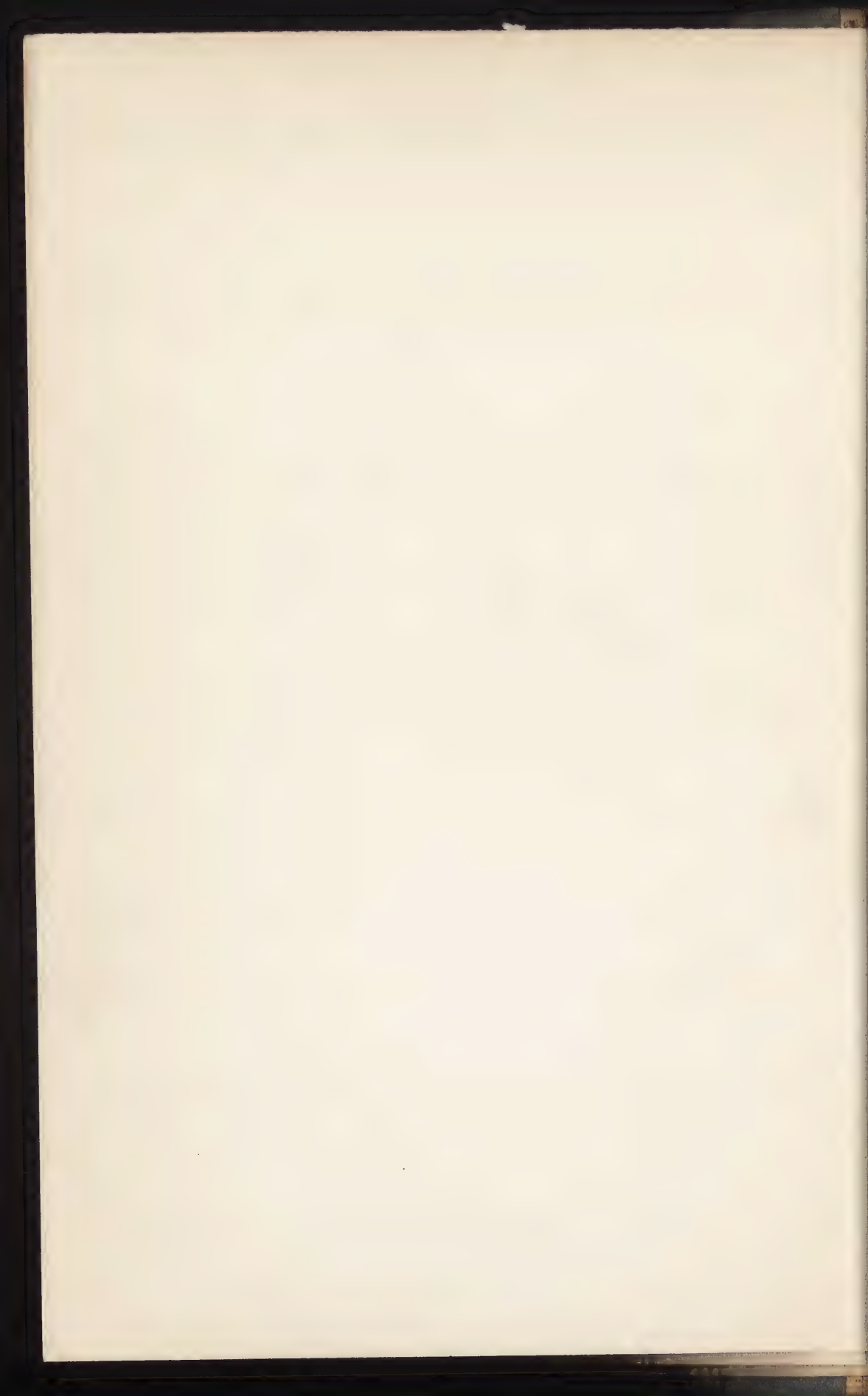


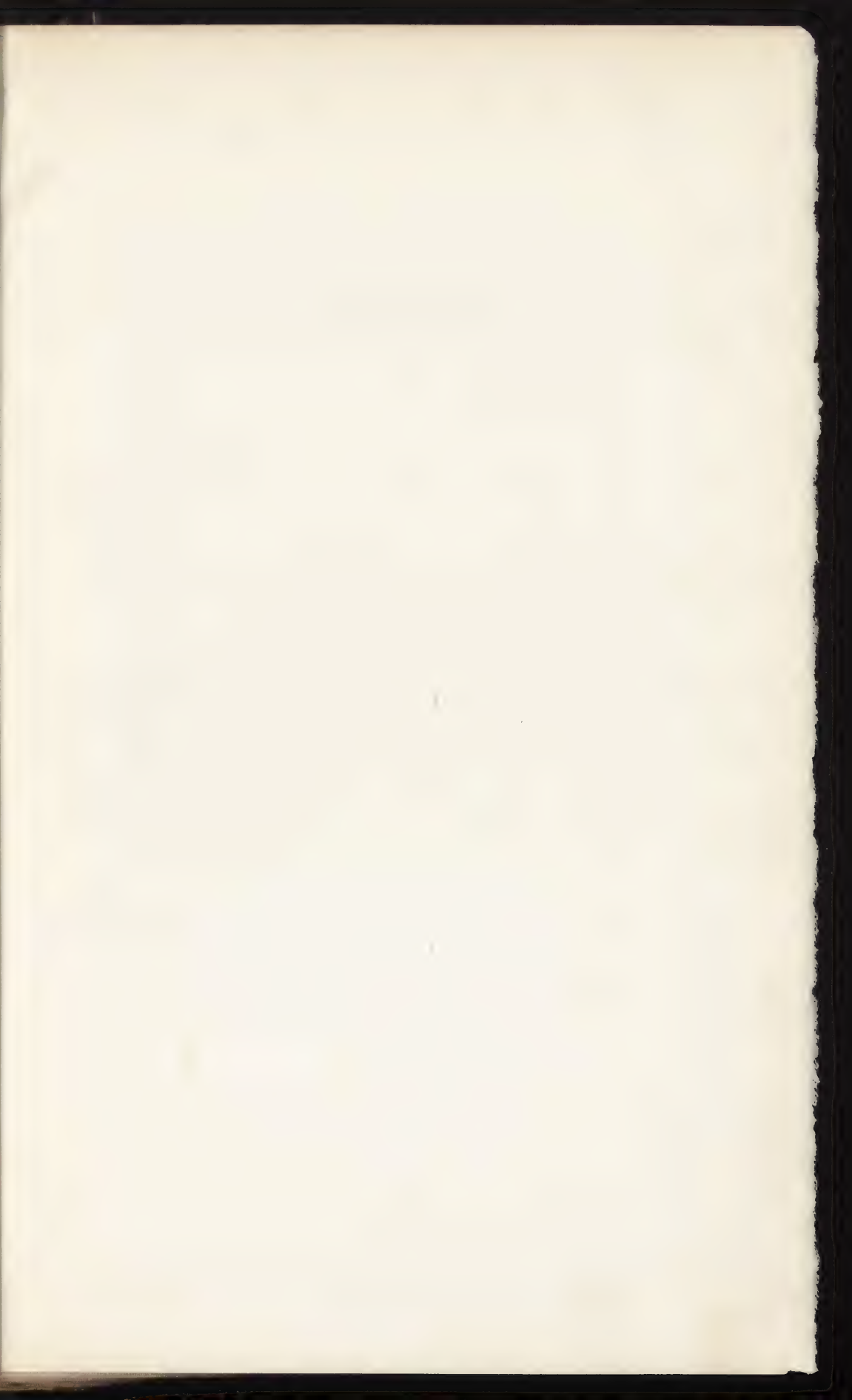
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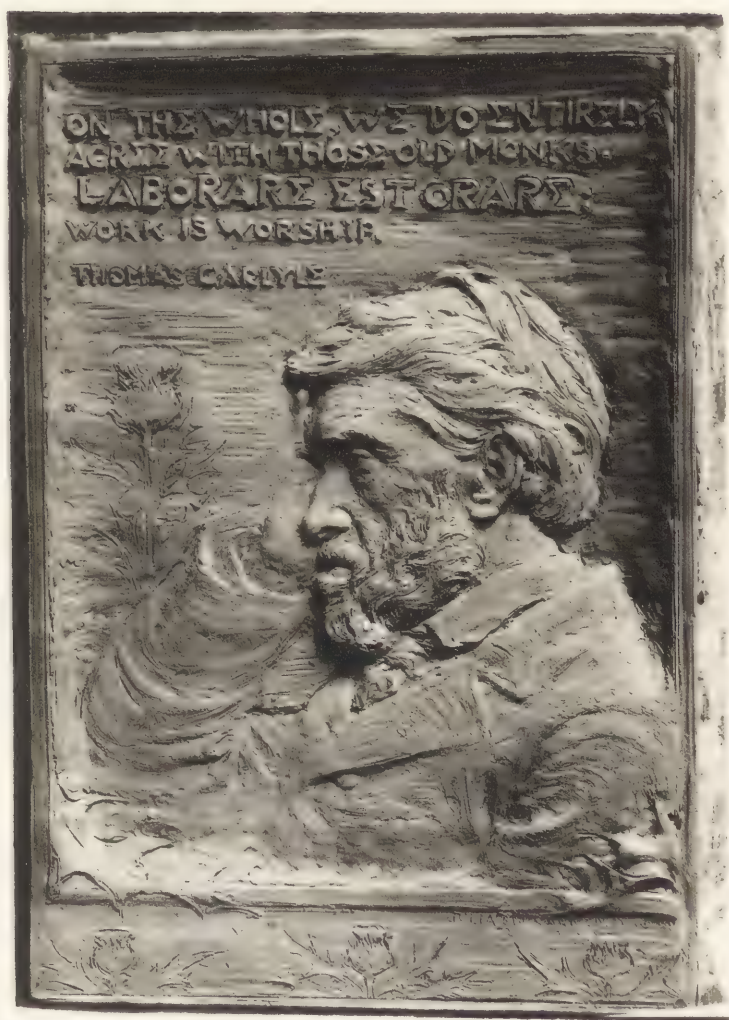
VOLUME I  
THE NEW INDUSTRIALISM











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THE  
NEW INDUSTRIALISM

PART I. INDUSTRIAL ART

By PROF. OSCAR L. TRIGGS

PART II. THE FUTURE SCHOOL

By WILBUR S. JACKMAN

PART III. THE ART AND CRAFT  
OF THE MACHINE

By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT



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NATIONAL LEAGUE OF INDUSTRIAL ART  
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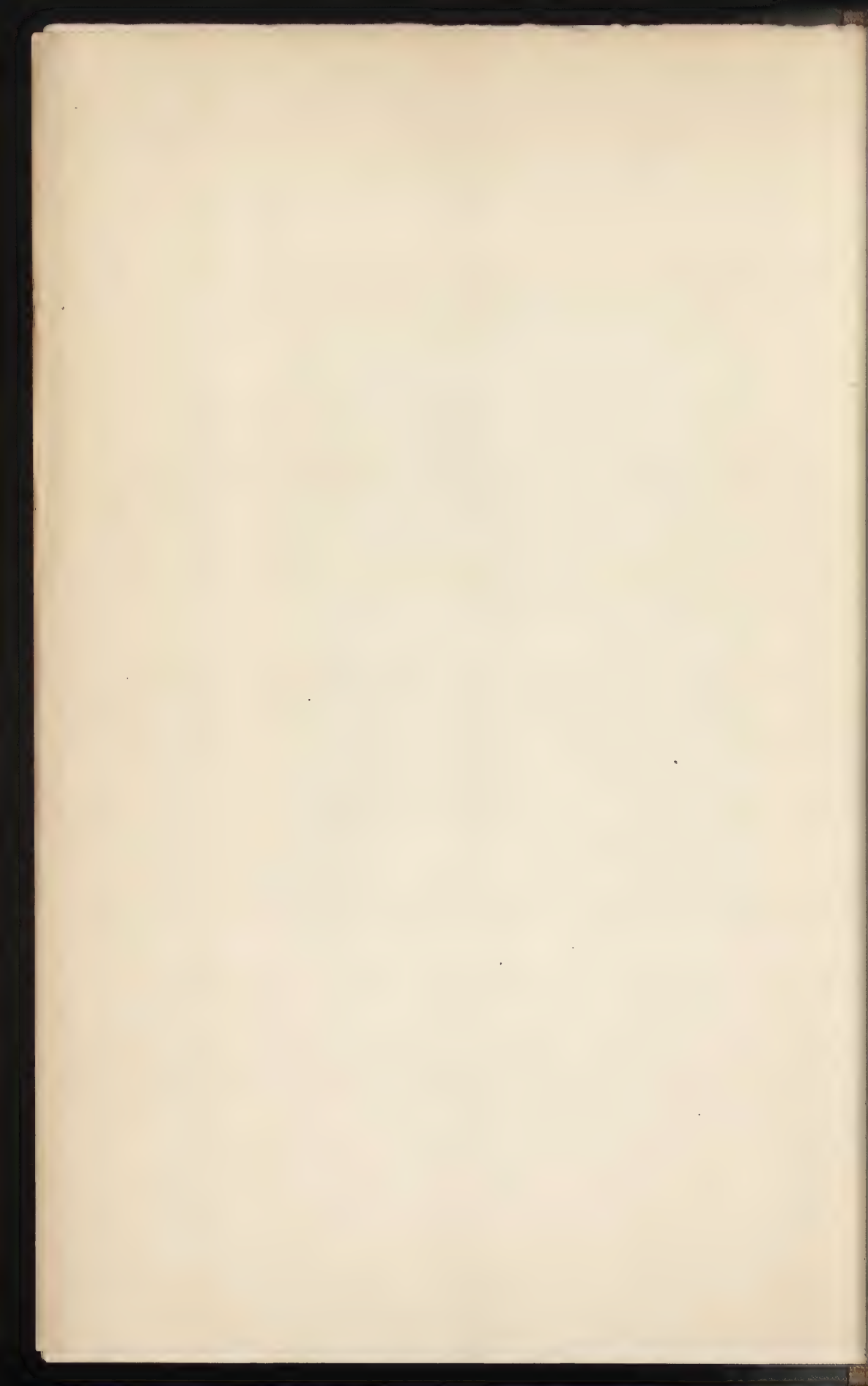






An Industrial Art Workshop





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From the Educational Department of the  
Illinois State Society of the Daughters of the  
Revolution.

A course of fourteen lectures on general  
social topics, open to the public without fee  
and with free discussion being given in Univer-  
sity Lecture Hall, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER,  
CHAIRMAN.





## PROGRAMME

- Oct. 11—Constitution and How it was Made  
by Judge Chas. G. Neely
- Oct. 25—Industrial Art  
by Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs  
University of Chicago  
Sec. of Industrial Art  
League
- Nov. 8—Ibsen's, The Enemy of the People  
by Jenkin Lloyd Jones
- Nov. 22—A Talk to the People  
by Samuel M. Jones  
Mayor of Toledo
- Dec. 13—Henry George  
by Louis F. Post  
Editor of The Public
- Dec. 27—John Ruskin, Prophet  
by Walter Vrooman  
Founder of Ruskin Hall  
Oxford University
- Jan. 10—The Future School  
by Prof. Wilbur S. Jackman  
University of Chicago
- Jan. 24—What is the Real Emancipation of Woman?  
by Wm. M. Salter  
Lecturer Ethical Culture  
Society
- Feb. 14—The Blight of the Army  
by Marion Craig Wentworth
- Feb. 28—The Newer Ideals of Peace  
by Jane Addams
- Mar. 14—Man and the Machine  
by Frank Lloyd Wright
- Mar. 28—The Coming Society  
by Prof. Albion W. Small  
University of Chicago
- Apr. 11—Charity or Justice, Which?  
by Prof. Emil G. Hirsch  
University of Chicago  
Sinai Temple
- Apr. 25—The Future of Militarism  
by Prof. Edmund J. James  
University of Chicago





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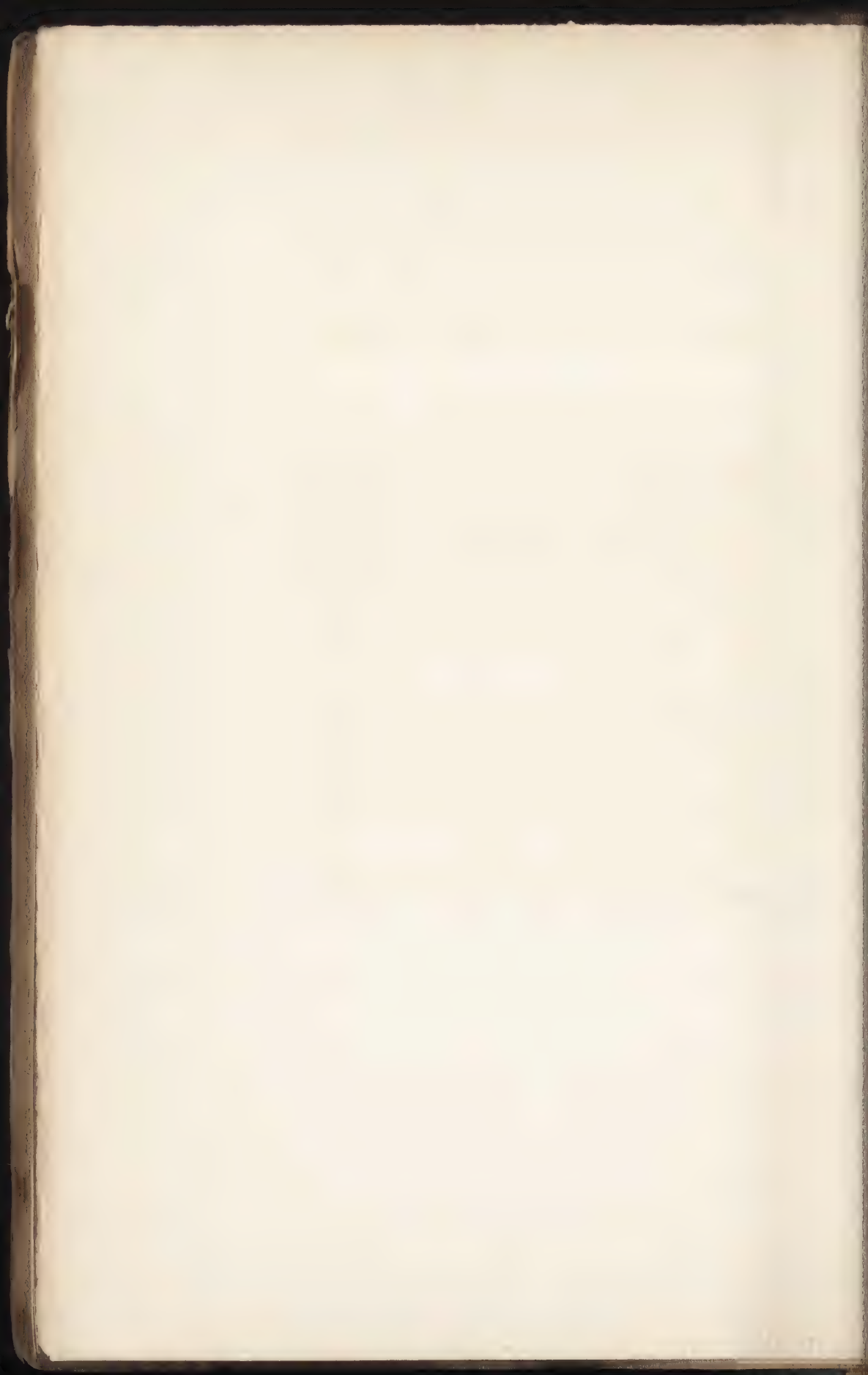
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PREFATORY





## PREFACE TO WINTER'S WORK

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### AMERICAN IDEALS

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN P. ALTGELD

**A** CENTURY and a quarter ago there was established on this continent, not simply a new government, not simply an independent government, not simply a government free from the political control of foreign powers, but there was established a new theory of government. A new principle. The principle of the equality of men before the law. The principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

It was a government based upon liberty, based upon foundations of freedom. It was a recognition of the idea that man is capable of self-government. A promulgation of the idea that when the oppressive hand of power is taken off the mind of man, he will aspire to higher things and will struggle to attain higher conditions.

It was a protest against the institutions that had prevailed in the by-gone centuries. It in sub-

stance said that the theories of government and the practice of repression that had prevailed in all the centuries of the past had proven to be failures; that instead of leading mankind to a higher and nobler civilization, they seemed by their repressive measures to push the human race down to an ever lower and lower level of life.

These free institutions thus established in this country were themselves the product or crystallization of the ideas that had long prevailed in America, and to a limited extent on the other side of the Atlantic. Never before had a government embodied in its fundamental law such lofty sentiments and such high ideals. It was indeed a new departure. It was indeed the morning of a new time.

The hand of repression once removed, the intellect of man leaped forward in all fields of human effort. Man being permitted to pursue the bent of his own mind, so long as he did not injure his neighbor, drew new inspiration and went forth with new ardor, with new courage, and with a higher purpose. The world went forward in invention, in discovery, in literature, in art, in the sciences, in politics, in government, and even in military affairs. Men not only studied the heavens, but stole from nature her secrets and applied them to their use.

It was this new life, this new energy born of freedom, that made the wonderful nineteenth cen-

tury—a century that did more for human progress, more for the elevation of the human race, more for the development of the earth than all of the centuries that had gone before. Should human progress end, the nineteenth century will stand in history forever as the child of liberty, the child that was born in the manger of human rights, and for that reason proved a benediction to mankind.

As we now look back beyond the nineteenth century, we find that wherever there is a green oasis in the great desert waste of the past, there was a partial recognition of the principles of democracy, a partial understanding of republican institutions. We find that the nations of the past grew great only in proportion as they recognized human rights, and that the process of retrogression began and their glory departed when they proved recreant to the principles of democracy.

The intellectual activity that is born of freedom made Greece glorious; made Rome great; made some medieval European cities famous; has given England her power in the world, and has placed America at the front of modern civilization. It is this intellectual activity drawing its inspiration from freedom that has spanned the continents with railroads; that has narrowed the Atlantic to a week's journey; that has brought the different parts of the earth together; that has built cities and given its progress to the world.



The recognition of the doctrine of human rights has produced in America groups of great men. It has given us constellations of great men in other fields than that of politics and of government. Great men in railroading, in manufactures, in commerce, in agriculture, in education, in literature, in every field of human activity. The principles embodied in our Declaration of Independence have drawn every country of Europe after us, and forced it to modify its institutions by giving some recognition to popular rights. These principles have made us a world power, for we are not now becoming a world power, we have been one of the greatest world powers on this earth for nearly half a century. Not through our armies, for we had none. Not through our navy, for it was small. Not through our wealth or exhibition of brute force, for there were countries that surpassed us in these things. We have been a world power by reason of the high ideals we represented. We have been a moral force in the world, shaping the civilization of the time and directing the progress of man. The scholars, the philosophers, the statesmen, the patriots of the world pointed to the American Republic and said "there is the hope of mankind."

The abolition of slavery on this continent was the natural consequence of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery rested on the doctrine that might gives right; it rested on

the doctrine that the strong have a right to eat the bread that is earned by the weak; that dominant people have a right to control a weaker people and to give to the weaker people so much of liberty, of freedom or justice as to the dominant people seems good. This doctrine could not live side by side with the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed that all men were created equal and had equal rights. It was the Declaration of Independence that so late as the year 1898 caused the American people to rise up and say that the concentration camps in Cuba could not be permitted in this age.

The world is not going backward. Viewed from headland to headland the march of the human race is upward. True, every forward movement seems to be followed by a short reactionary step. The waves of the rising tide of civilization roll far up the bank, and they roll back again, but the next wave that comes will roll further up than the last, and I believe that the world is on the threshold of a new development, of a new industrial, economic, and social existence based upon justice. The commercialism of which we are now reaping the harvest will pass away. It will be seen by and by that it was only a link in the great chain of human progress, creating industrial conditions which paved the way to other and further development.

The parasites of the earth will not be permitted

to forever devour the substance of others. The world is beginning to see that it is the men and the women who toil with their hands who make civilization possible. The rest of us may indeed be useful, and we think we are necessary in a highly developed society, but we are all carried on the backs of those who work with their hands. To-day commercialism is chilling the soul and striking down all high ideals. It is prostituting everything that is noble, great, or grand. Its twin brother, imperialism, is strutting on the street and posing in the drawing-room. But there is growing up among the people in Europe and America a new literature, a new wave of ideas based on the brotherhood of man. There is growing up a new religion of humanity which demands that the hand that does the world's work shall have a fair share of what it earns.

By and by this literature and these ideas will produce a harvest. In the natural order of development they will crystalize into institutions and will give to the world industrial freedom and social justice. In their own time this literature and these ideas will give to the world a new era of progress. They will give to the world an era glowing with justice and radiant with liberty.

As religious freedom gave the world a new birth, as political freedom gave it a new development, so industrial freedom and social justice will lead mankind to the highest plane of human



felicity. But if we would be harbingers of the new time we must not pull down our altars.

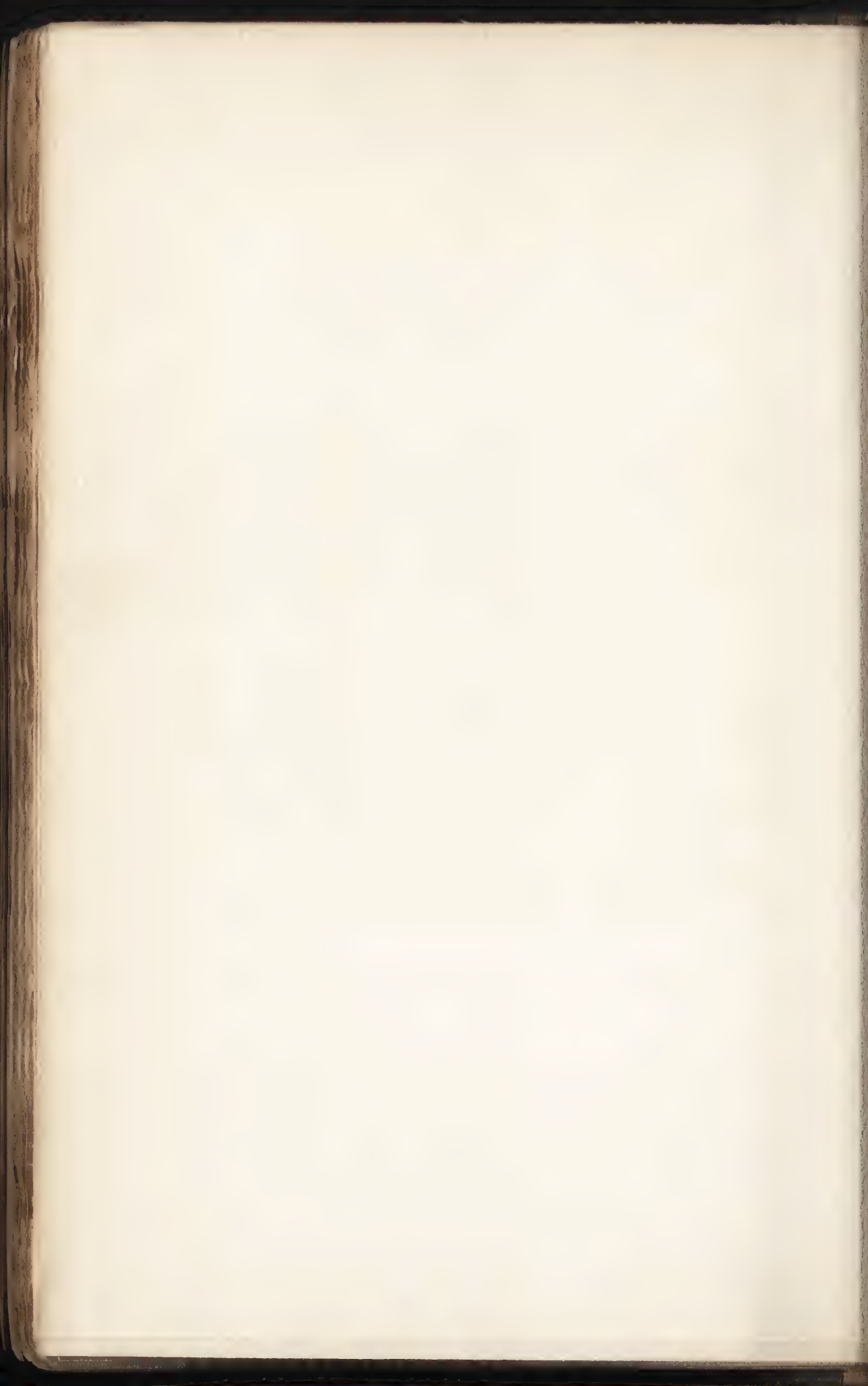
We must protect the rights of the citizen, we must maintain American standards, we must uphold the right of assembly, and we must preserve free speech and free press.

We are not ready to admit that the fathers were wrong—we are not ready to apologize for their immortal work—and we will not consent to hide their graves. All of our greatness was born of liberty, even our commercialism was rocked in the cradle of democracy, and we cannot strangle the mother without destroying her children.



## INTRODUCTION





## THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN PATRIOTISM

LAURA McADOO TRIGGS

**T**HIS is the day of social organization. The world over, men and women are united in fraternities and clubs and organizations, national and international. The public at large has grown familiar with the motive and practice of those devoted to social labors or with the purpose of the culture club or charity league. But to many it will come as a surprise to learn that there exist in the United States fully seventy-five societies denoting themselves as patriotic, hereditary, and historical. Due perhaps to the fact that membership in these societies rests, in most cases, upon descent, they have formed a group somewhat apart; in character, however, they are peculiarly American, with the largest ideal aims, and it is interesting to trace the part that they play and the program they offer in this strenuous, busy modern life.

The societies commemorate almost every national event from Revolutionary times down to the Spanish-American War. There are both Sons

and Daughters of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, of the Civil War veterans on both sides, relief corps, monument and memorial associations, army and navy and red cross legions—and a host of others. The primary purpose of one and all is to perpetuate and diffuse the spirit which created our national heroic epochs, to inculcate a deeper understanding of the meaning of the American Union—in short, to make out of the American consciousness of to-day the stuff of as fine and staunch a patriotism as that which in the past made possible this present. In concrete ways their work has taken useful directions. Valuable research has brought to light many documents and records of the country's history, actual historical study has been accelerated, preservation of national sites has been effected, and some philanthropic assistance rendered. Numbers of individuals have through these societies come for the first time to an appreciation of the meaning of American citizenship, with all that that implies, as the gift of the toils and privations of the forefathers. More scientific than the rest is the work which has been done among the public schools, where children have been instructed in patriotism and a national sense. In some respects it is more difficult for the American child to grasp the meaning of liberty than for the child of a tyrannical government. A certain benefit accrues to an idea which is lighted by contrast or darkened by men-



ace. When it is the commonplace soil of daily living, it gains in reality but loses in imaginative value. The long environment of freedom is the American's "descent," as ancient lineage is the European's. Liberty is so much a matter of course at this time, that far from being prized, there are indications at times of its being regarded in the light of a surfeit. Witness the recent willingness on the part of the public to surrender the right of free speech. But it was not thus with the men who made the nation, and the young to whom we look for future citizenship can only realize the quality of their full and expansive democracy by a review of the national travail which preceded it.

Then again, there was never stronger need of profound patriotic understanding than in this era of world-reaching national expansion. In the earlier history of the United States there was less necessity for special organizations to spread the national ideas, for those who formed the nation were in large measure the heirs in blood and conviction of its founders. When one considers the immense influx of foreign populace who emigrate to these shores, and the absolute alien colonies over which floats the flag of the Union, the conviction is aroused of the importance of service rendered for spiritual unity. The patriotic societies become then peculiar guardians of the American ideal, "keepers of the seal," so to speak,

and by reason of their direct descent from founders and patriots of the nation, the rightful agents for the spread of American tradition and history.

As further befitting the celebration of the conquest of democracy, we discover that a large proportion of these societies is composed of women. Along with the forward movement in all social directions, the emancipation of woman has been the most striking incident. The universal class-consciousness of women as workers has found expression in innumerable clubs of every character, and of those expressive of patriotic enthusiasm the Daughters of the Revolution may be taken as a type. The society was founded in New York in 1891, being a national organization with federated state societies, which include again local chapters. They have accomplished important historic and philanthropic service, not the least of their patriotic plans being the preservation of Washington's camp-ground at Valley Forge by making it a national park. More than this, among all the ancestral societies, it has remained for the Daughters of the Revolution to inaugurate a wholly new departure from the work of their colleagues. The one criticism which may be passed upon such organizations, as also the one temptation which assails them, is a certain glorification of war and the military idea, at variance with the world spirit and motive of the present. It is well to inculcate patriotism and reverence

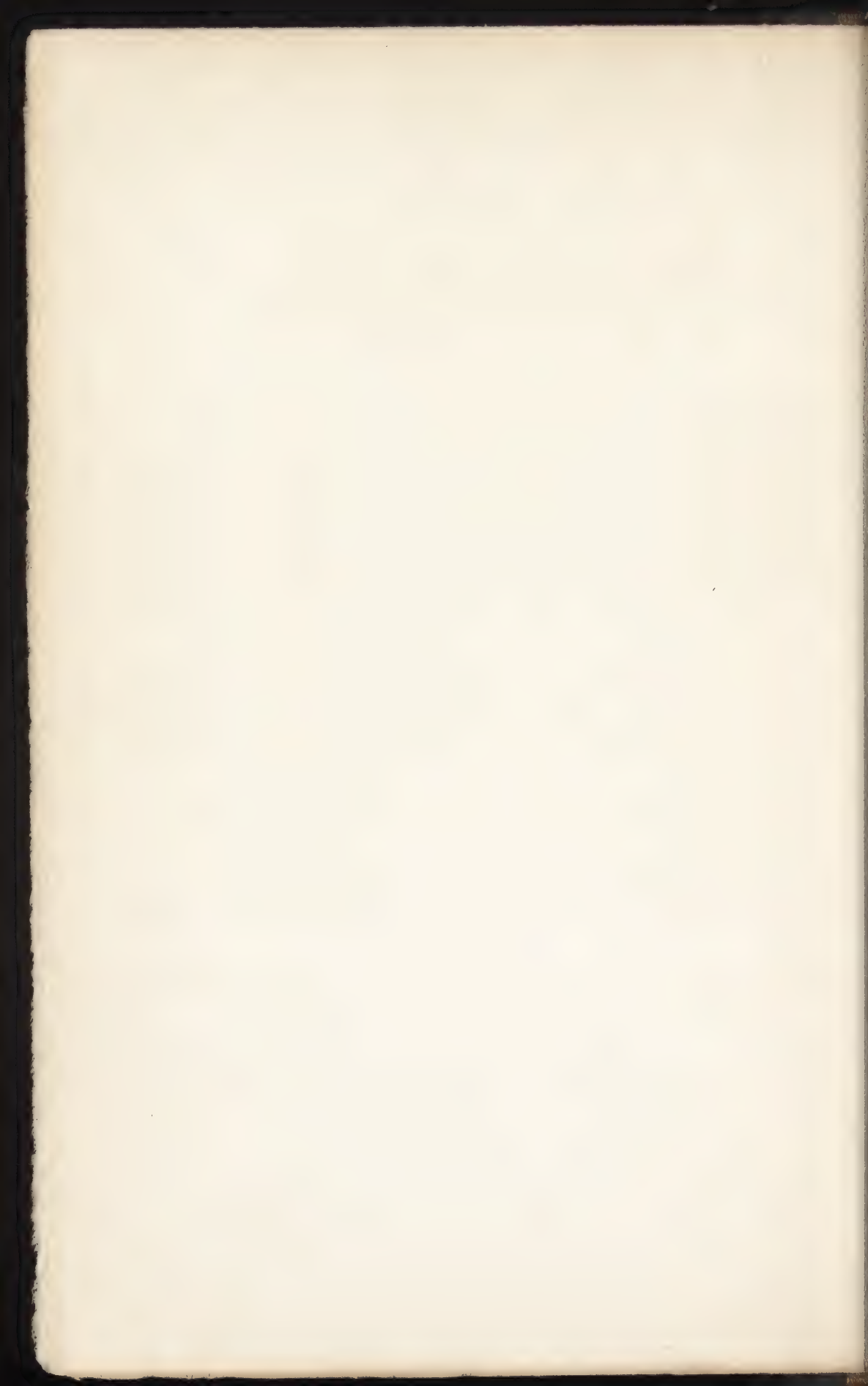
for the past. But to become really educative such study must proceed further and be sociologically consistent with the new order of citizenship characteristic of America. That order expresses not militarism, but an industrial development with its accruing elevation of the mean of mass prosperity and happiness. All the work hitherto of teaching the history and triumph of American arms has been but the evolutionary basis for instruction in the social problems now maturing. The patriotic associations must assume these if they are to justify themselves as vital, social, or even patriotic, agencies. The Daughters of the Revolution have sensed this larger employ of the idea of patriotism, have made the step forward, and through the initiative of Mrs. Marguerite Warren Springer, Regent of the Illinois State Society, have established in Chicago an open platform for the study of present-day social interests. Mrs. Springer's motive is to make of the organization which boasts descent from the founders of democracy a true expression of the democratic life. To commemorate the fathers of democracy and yet be unsympathetic of the wide directions of economic advance born of political freedom is to be Tory at heart. Similarly it is misleading to celebrate the aggressive and martial temper of the young republic unless it is made plain that merely the quality of valor is applauded, and that its exercise must now be displayed in the peaceful

fields of co-operative social betterment. The military ideal is an anachronism. The social ideal has supplanted it, but since it has come to birth through the legacy of political struggle, a society which educates the public in respect to one must, to be scientific, include and progress to the other.

The program of the Daughters of the Revolution exhibits this inclusion and sincerity. History of the past has been made the background for the enlightenment of the new duties taught by new occasions. The public discussions now in progress in Chicago are under direction of men and women from the ranks of the university, the liberal pulpit, social labor and settlement, politics, the press, and the professions. Subjects like the following are advanced: The Coming Society; The Newer Ideals of Peace; Industrial Art; The Future of Militarism; The Future School; Man and the Machine; A Talk to the People, etc. The audience takes active part in the questions raised, and contributes to their elucidation. This labor, Mrs. Springer feels, is more truly patriotic than the looking backward to purely static conditions. She advocates an increasing attention on the part of the patriotic associations to work of this type, rather than the expense of energy and resources in the erection of memorials and monuments or the furthering of charity labors unless they be allied to definite social endeavor. She has also affiliated the Illinois branch with the Settlement

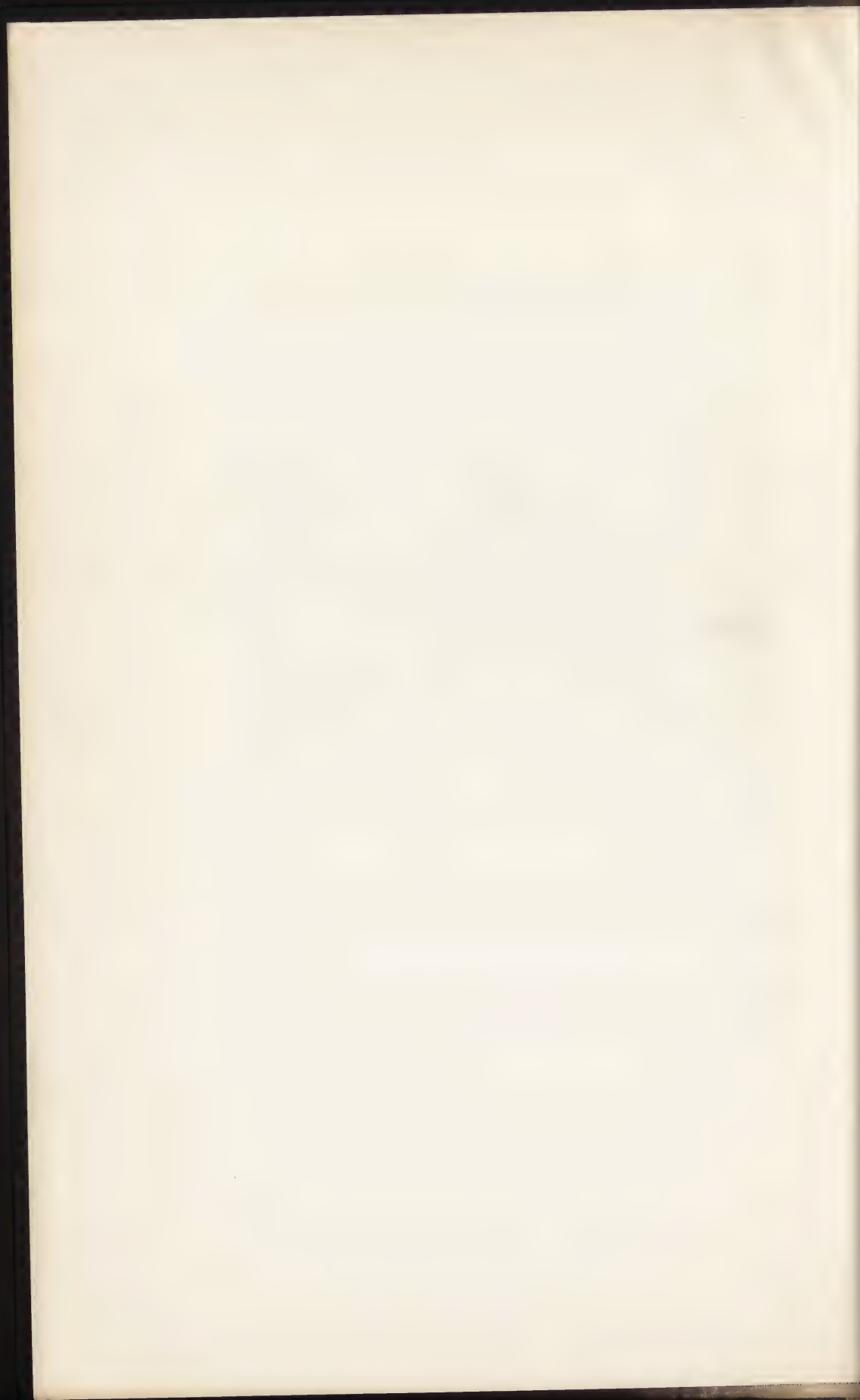


idea, and to the Industrial Art League, both of which aim in numerous ways to introduce creative workmanship into the development and expression of the American character. With the assumption of these large modern and creative directions of energy by the national association, America will possess the first scientific demonstration of the patriotism of democracy.





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**PART I**

**INDUSTRIAL ART**

**BY**

**OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, PH.D.**

**University of Chicago**



## INDUSTRIAL ART

BY OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS

I AM not certain that I myself deserve a place on this program in the midst of this galaxy of distinguished speakers. I claim, however, for my subject an equality with all the subjects of this course. If then you expect me to treat my subject seriously, and with the dignity that becomes it, you will not require of me a technical discussion about the making of pots and pans, which somehow have come to stand as symbols of Industrial Art.

The question of art is a social question. We cannot have a genuine native art until society is so ordered that art is its natural outcome. Industrial Art is the industrial phase of a general modern tendency working toward a freer social order; so from this point of view I wish to explain first what the industrial art movement is; and second, what it means; and third, where it is tending.

### I.

What then is the industrial art movement, or if you prefer the title given by J. Cobden-Sander-

son, "The Arts and Crafts Movement?" Considered as a movement, this is an industrial tendency springing from the economical teachings of Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris. The practical beginning was about forty years ago. I find indeed the beginning of this movement in 1860, that time when Morris built his famous Red House on the outskirts of London in the midst of an orchard, he himself being the architect, the decorator, and the furnisher. Its theoretical aspect however is older than this, and is measured by the lives of Carlyle, Ruskin and William Morris, or essentially three generations.

Carlyle's relationship to the movement is remote and theoretical only, yet it is important. I brought with me Carlyle's "Past and Present," wishing to read a passage from his chapter on "Labor," from which we will get an idea of Carlyle's doctrine of work:

"There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments, and regulations, which are truth.

"The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy



work and do it. 'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

"It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work'; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all of these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame!

"Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself by mere force of gravity into strata, spher-

ical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round, compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

“Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's

existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'"

The sum of Carlyle's teaching, however, was this, "Produce, produce, in God's name produce, even though it be but an infinitesimal portion of a product." Carlyle simply set the world to work. He did not care how they worked or at what they worked.

Now Ruskin was Carlyle's pupil. He seized upon Carlyle's doctrine of work, developed it into

an economical system, and applied it practically in a number of ways. I do not intend to insult Ruskin by calling him a fine writer—which would mean that I do not care for what he said. I do not consider Ruskin an art critic in the conventional meaning of the word. He was a very unsafe art critic. He was, however, a skillful political economist, and he dealt with art simply because art is one of the chief forms of human productivity. As Ruskin knew more about art than any economist, and more about economy than any artist, he had a good right to speak upon the subject, *The Political Economy of Art*.

You are doubtless familiar with Ruskin's ideas. I want to recall to your mind several of his fundamental distinctions.

In the first place he distinguished between mercantile economy, the economy of money-exchange, which he called the "Science of Avarice," and political economy, which referred to the welfare of the people at large. Mercantile economy is the economy of trade, of money, of exchange. Political economy represents the general welfare of mankind. From this point of view Ruskin formulated several definitions. Let me place before you three, those relating to wealth, value, and cost. These definitions are doubtless familiar to you, but let me put them freshly before you.

Wealth is commonly defined in terms of money or property. How much is a man worth?



This man is said to be a "millionaire." But what is he worth in terms of social service? When some one was talking to Emerson about California, its glories, its fruits, its wines and properties, Emerson inquired, "Yes; but what kind of men do they produce?" And it was the same Emerson who said, "He that feeds men serveth few; he serves all who dares be true." And so Ruskin would say, defining wealth in terms of life, that wealth has meaning according to some such human standard.

On my way to the lecture-hall to-night I looked at my watch to observe the time. As I was also carrying Carlyle's "Past and Present," I asked myself the value of these two objects. Now the value of all watches considered as timekeepers is about the same, although their money value is variable. The value of all books considered from the money point of view is essentially the same, and yet the intrinsic value of books is variable. Take the subject of food. What is the value of a given product? Well this food costs so much. It has that value you say. But food is intended to sustain life. That is the true measure. Let us say, this food is adulterated. Then what becomes of its intrinsic value? It has disappeared, yet the money value may remain the same. Again, what is the value of our public schools? I do not observe that our public schools are quoted in the daily markets. I can find stocks

and bonds of railroads, but I cannot buy our school-houses. Here is a value which represents a public asset, a social asset; but which has no money quotation. The intrinsic value of our schools surpasses calculation.

Consider then the question of cost. Cost is commonly measured in terms again of money. This object cost so much, so many dollars; but the real cost of that object is something different. Let us see. They are making cotton goods in certain mills in the south. They are employing children under twelve years of age wherever possible. Valued in money the cost of those cotton goods is very slight because you can get child labor at very little expense. The actual cost of those cotton goods cannot be measured, for life is being used and destroyed, and civilization is jeopardized. Cost is measured by the expense of life, not of money.

Well, in all these respects Ruskin humanized economy. He did not ask what the product required, but he asked what man required. He was the first scientific economist the world has seen.

Thus far the gospel of work has been forwarded by two main truths. The first truth was contributed by Carlyle—his saying that "Work is noble, that the only happiness is in work and not in leisure."

The second was Ruskin's contribution, that work is made for man and not man for work.

Thus at the center of the industrial commonwealth these thinkers contemplated is a man at work, heartily at work, because it is a pleasure so to do; and yet the movement thus far lacked its practical example. Carlyle was a man of letters, and it is the misfortune of a man of letters that he must write many volumes upon work and never work himself. Carlyle was such a man of letters. Ruskin was a poet, an artist, a geologist, a botanist—he was active in many directions, but he was not strictly a worker.

The man which these thinkers were looking for was furnished in the person of William Morris. Morris adopted his theory from Ruskin. He contributed practically nothing to the essential economy of the subject. As Ruskin was descended from Carlyle, so Morris was begotten of Ruskin. Morris accepted the new political economy which Ruskin had elaborated. It was given him however to make that economy concrete in a practical example. Now it is interesting to observe that Morris was in his youth and early manhood an aristocrat. His father was a man of wealth. He was brought up in an environment of refinement and culture. He matriculated at Oxford for the church and was rapidly fixing his habits for a leisuristic career, but it was not long before he came under Ruskin's influence, when he was converted to the doctrine of work; and very soon he stopped writing poetry and devoted him-

self to industry and to the promotion of that cause which is so well stated in these words: "One day we shall win back art in our daily labor; win back art, that is to say, the pleasure of life, to the people." His practical activities took two directions, the one personal, the other social. He established a workshop, and he became a social reformer, a practical socialist. His work in these two respects is too well known to need explanation. I am not so much interested in his social reforms as in his workshop, for in this workshop was solved a world-old problem, and out of it came the most conspicuous revolution these later days have witnessed.

Not now taking into account the radiation of the new industrial impulse, this much may be known of its first stages: Carlyle announced the doctrine, Ruskin elaborated the system, and Morris gave the first practical example.

## II.

What now is the meaning of Industrial Art? Observe the terms. I bring together two words, the word industry, and the word art. Their juxtaposition implies the association of art and labor. In the case of such association we inquire what will result?

Will you observe the fine artist at his work. He conceives a theme; he works upon his theme in perfect freedom and because it gives him pleas-



ure. Art is undoubtedly the freest playground of the spirit. The reward of the artist lies in the doing of the work—the reward is in the process, in the pleasure that the doing produces. If in addition to this pleasure you provide him a little bread and butter he is able thus far to support his physical life.

Turn to the laborer. He works under direction. He lives in practical slavery. He works because he must. His reward is not in the process but in the wage. He must have his share of the product he makes. His return therefore is not in the process but in the property. Now bring art and labor into association, take something of the artist's freedom—set him at useful things. Take something of the workman's subserviency, let him plan and execute in freedom. Bring the process which the artist enjoys and the product which the workman enjoys together and you have a result which we have agreed to call Industrial Art. Industrial Art may be defined in abstract terms as "freedom conditioned by use," or to reverse the terms, as "industry conducted with pleasure." This union is, I take it, better for both parties, both for the artist and the workman. There is an old proverb that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There is one other and still worse plight: that of the one who plays all day and does no work. If work alone results in dullness, play alone issues in de-

generacy. It is not enough that a man half works and half plays. The eight-hour day is no solution of the labor problem; that is simply a compromise, simply meaning that I must be a drudge for eight hours of the day on work I detest in order to earn a few hours for my play. The real solution is in so changing the character of work that it becomes itself a pleasure.

The modern problem of art is to make art social, that is, useful. The modern problem of labor is to make labor artistic. These principles will clear up somewhat if we understand that the same problems are arising in education. We are introducing into our schools to-day something that is called manual training. We have brought a workshop into the schools that have hitherto been devoted to intellectual development. What is the explanation of the introduction of this workshop into the school? Is not the old education like the old art transcendental and cultural only, and is not the new education like the new art practical and real? The modern problem of education is exactly the same as the modern problem of art, that of making the school social; and accords also with the same problem of labor, that of making labor educative. Put these two tendencies together. Observe that both art and education are reaching out after labor, and labor is reaching out and seeking association with the studio on the one hand and the school on the

other. Will not the result be that all of these factors will be transformed? The school and the studio will become workshops, and the workshop in its turn will become a studio and a school. In Industrial Art, then, I see the ultimate goal of three modern tendencies. Art and education will tend more and more to be industrial; industry will tend to be artistic and educative.

### III.

Our third query is: What will be the end of this movement? I have already hinted at an answer. I believe that civilization will come to be represented by a workshop. That which represents the present industrial system is the factory, a factory controlled by some owner or proprietor, held together by the money wage, and conducted to the end of producing goods for sale. Under the impulse contributed by the new education, which is industrial in its tendency, and by the new industry, which is artistic and educative in its tendency, the factory is destined to break up into groups, or guilds of self-governing workmen, who, while still making goods for sale, will strive for higher education and artistic results. I conceive that such a working guild is the unit of the social order in the industrial commonwealth we are now forming. The political and legal systems of the past are practically outgrown. An industrial commonwealth is not a

government of laws; it is a copartnership of men. If then I had my way at this moment I would establish such a workshop. I would form a guild of say fifteen master workmen and their assistants. I would take an architect, for building is the beginning of all, and I would add a decorator, sculptor, workers in wood, metal, leather, glass, and clay, printer, illustrator, bookbinder, an engraver, and a photographer. And I would join to this group a chemist and a physicist to assist in the special problems associated with work. With these men I would make an experiment in the new art. Yes, and it would be an experiment in the new education as well. I would adopt the political economy of Ruskin. I would place the man before the work. I would set these men to work at useful things, and while they were at work I would educate them, not by books, but by so changing the character of their work that the work itself would be educative. So I would have a workshop and school combined.

Perhaps one item of this program is not easily understood, how it is possible for work to be artistic and educative, or how it is possible for an artist or an educator to engage in work. Fortunately we have the practical example of William Morris, one of the most cultured, one of the most intellectual, one of the most highly trained men in Europe—a poet, a man of letters, and yet this man so equipped turned to the handicrafts; and really



he enjoyed his handicraft as much as he enjoyed his poetry, and when some English noble called Morris a "poet upholsterer," he smiled and went about his upholstery, thinking that he derived perhaps more pleasure from that than from his poetry. J. Cobden-Sanderson affords a parallel instance. He was a lawyer who gave up his briefs to become the best bookbinder in Europe. Let us suppose for a moment that our best men to-day devoted themselves to the crafts and essayed to solve the actual problems of labor, do you think labor would long remain in its present condition? Do you not think they would soon transform that labor until labor became something in which a man of mind could engage with satisfaction?

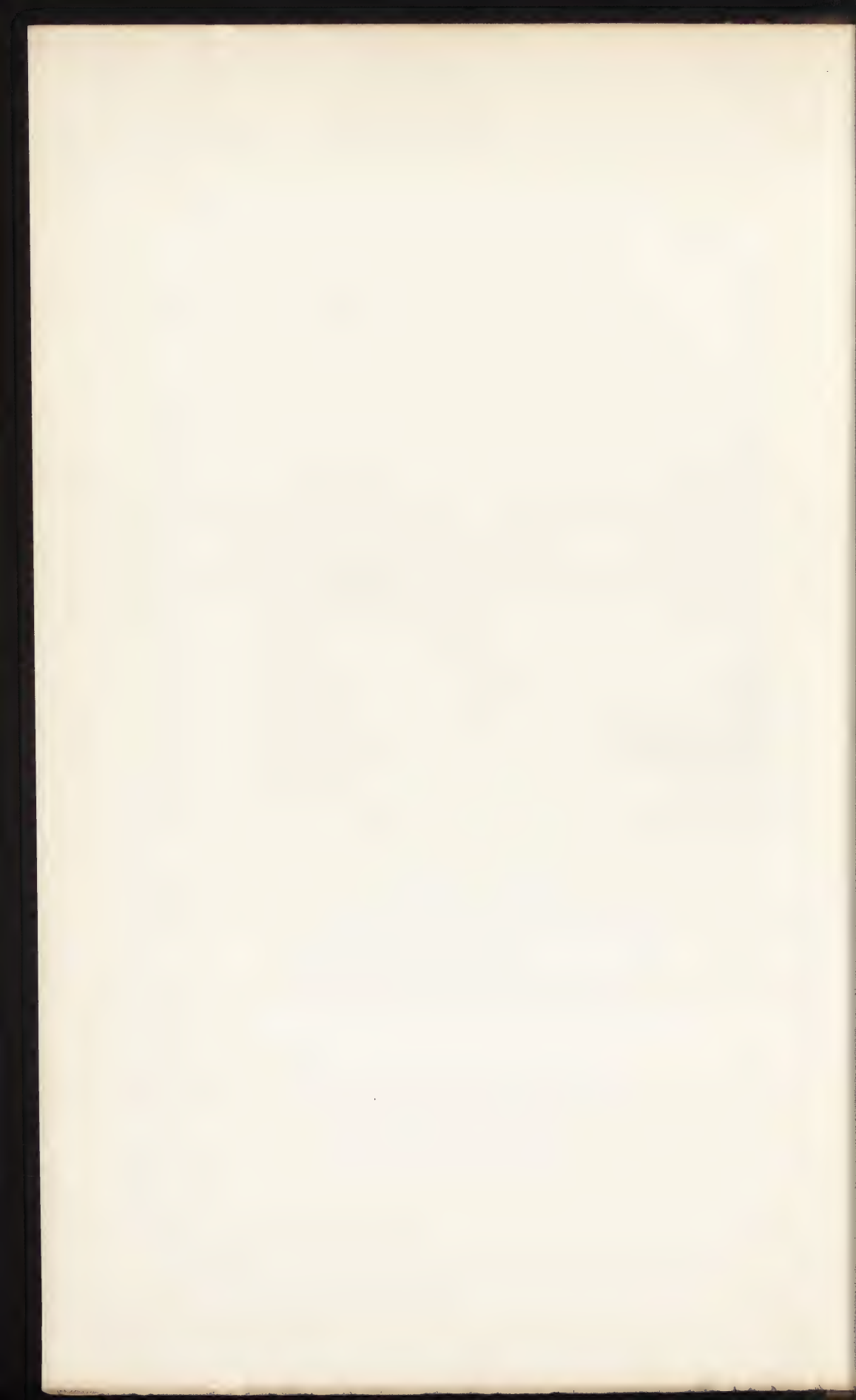
Well then if I do not get the workshop I will wait. I will wait for the development of the tendencies already spoken of. I will wait for the transformation of the school into a factory, and I will wait for the transformation of the factory into a school. Why we have already introduced the workshop into the school. How long do you suppose it will be before the workshop will crowd out the class-rooms and dominate the school? Have you observed the tendency on the part of employers to introduce educative features into the factory? I understand that the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburg, employing thousands of men, have started schools in their factory. I won-

der how long rich men will continue this round-about and very cumbersome way of satisfying their social conscience—their way of building up vast fortunes by means of workmen, and then turning back some portion of that fortune into schools and institutions. Why not develop education at once in the factory, and seize upon that opportunity of combining the factory and the school.

I know of one ideal workshop. It is the Rookwood pottery at Cincinnati. The Rookwood pottery was established twenty years ago by a woman, a woman of wealth and of social position, who wanted simply to make an art experiment with the native clays and with home workmen. She started with the fixed purpose of turning out an artistic product, and of treating the workmen associated with her in the work so that their art should be the outcome of their enjoyment; and to-day the Rookwood pottery is built high upon the bluff overlooking the city of Cincinnati, an example of what may be done in respect of an ideal workshop. The proprietor is simply the arbitrator. The workmen maintain their individuality. They rarely make two products alike. They educate themselves in the making and the pottery remains to-day one example of what may be done in ideal production—it is there that the economy of Ruskin is most in evidence.



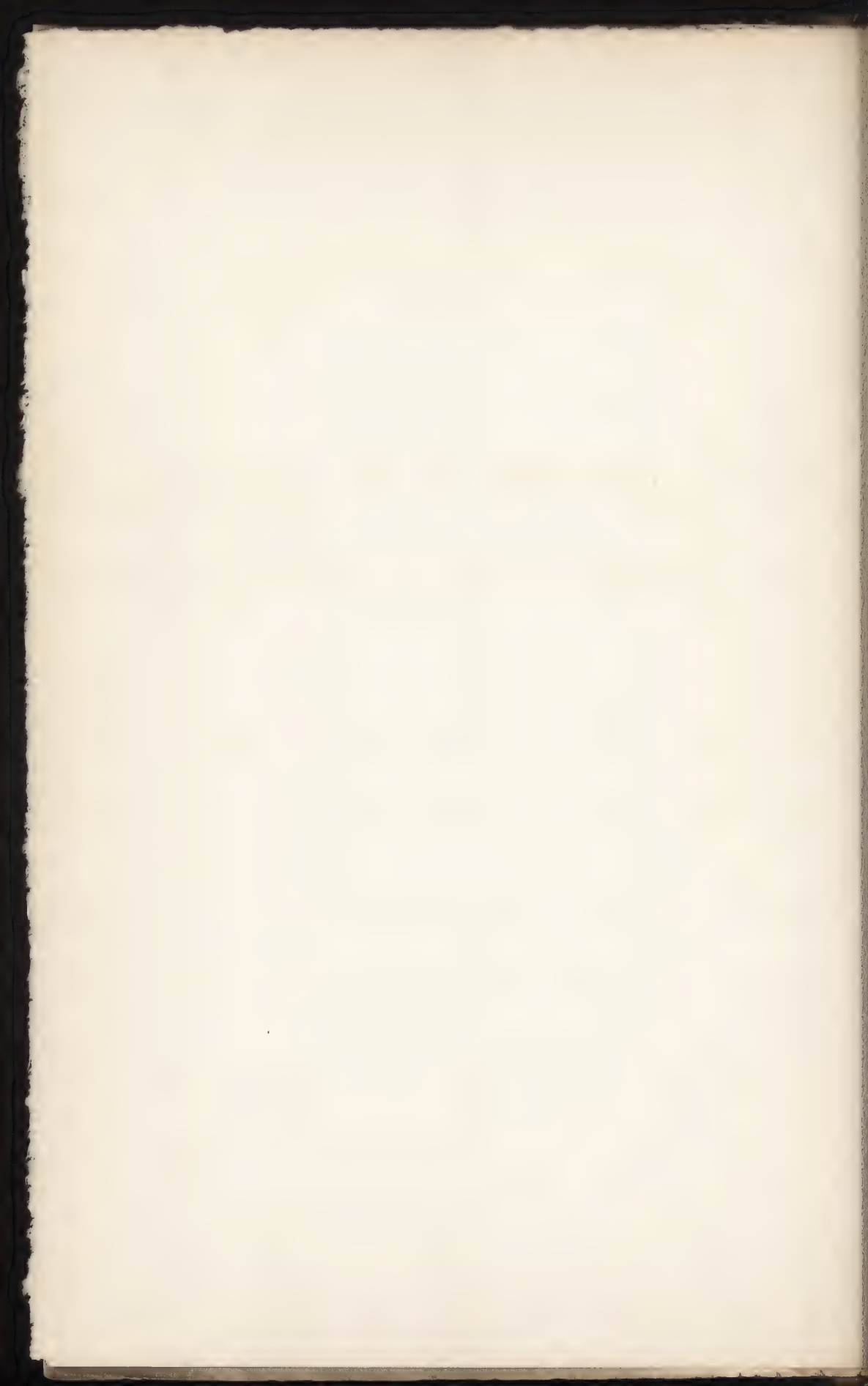
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THE GOSPEL OF ART

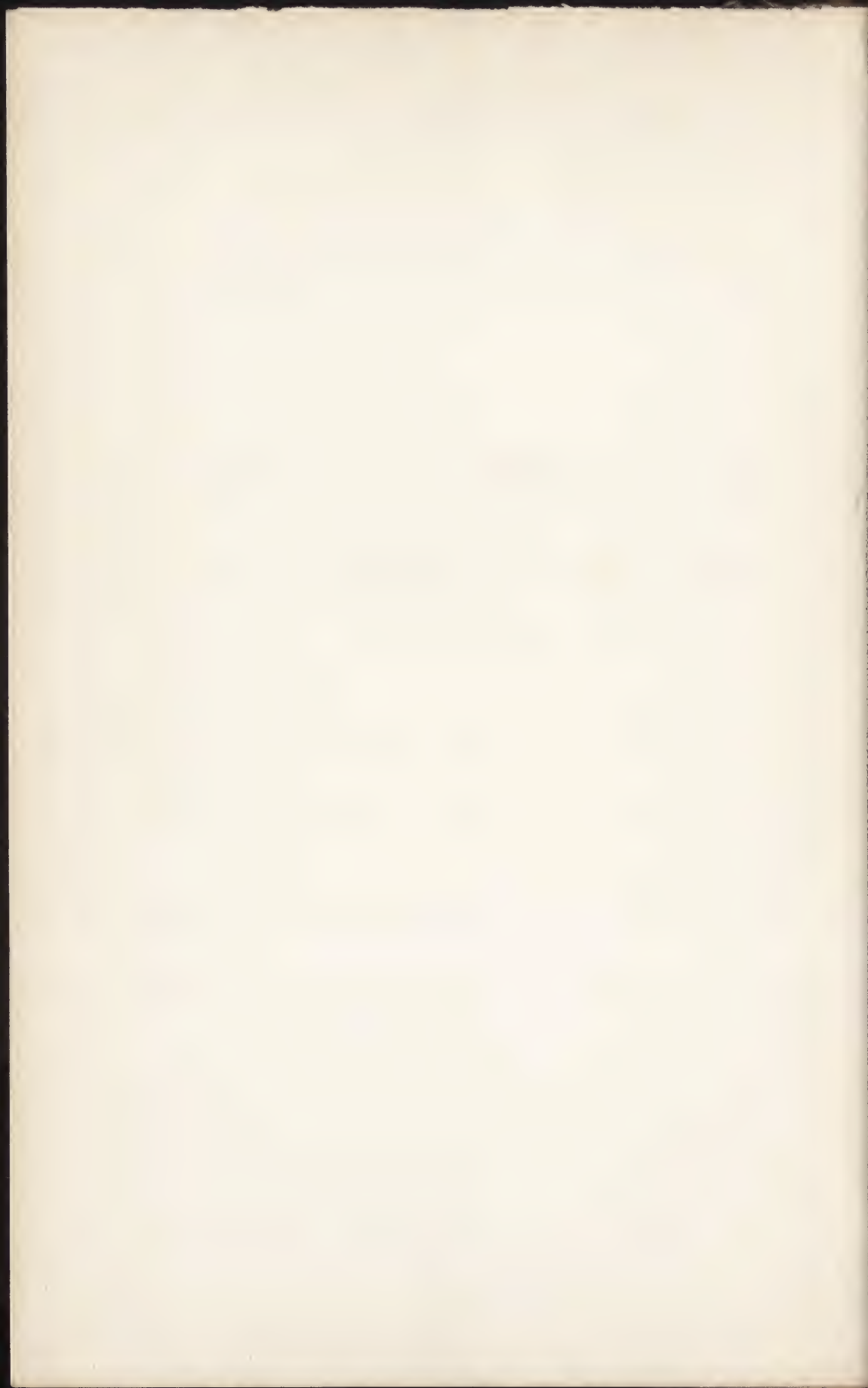
BY  
E. P. ROSENTHAL



## THE GOSPEL OF ART

E. P. ROSENTHAL

"No greater pleasure hath a man than love  
and give if need be life for that he loves."





**PART II**

**THE FUTURE SCHOOL**

**BY**

**PROF. WILBUR S. JACKMAN**

**University of Chicago**



## THE FUTURE SCHOOL

WILBUR S. JACKMAN

**I**T is obvious to the most casual observer at the present time that educational matters are in the early stages of a revolution. The imperative demand, pressing from every quarter, for a purer type of citizenship has turned the attention of the public toward the schools as the chief means by which the end desired may be attained. Subject as they are to the influences of tradition, however, it has proved to be a difficult task so to modify methods of instruction in the schools that they may be consistent with the present theory that training for citizenship is an affair of education.

If we have arrived at our more or less exalted station of living by an evolutionary process, we now probably represent but a stage of growth in an indefinite series which, in time, must be superseded by successively higher stages. This notion does violence to our traditions. The world has long believed that man at his present horizon represents not only the highest type now on earth, but that his present condition represents the highest possible degree of accomplishment. But in

fact, the fall of man, not his rise, has been the great theme of the past.

Judging by his history, the later conditions of man will be reached through a greater refinement of those senses which we now possess, and possibly, through the birth of other senses of which we now have but a suspicion, or perhaps no knowledge at all.

When one pictures the future man in view of the possibilities of evolution, one can see a being far more sensitive to the touch of his surroundings; capable of a much greater variety of sensations; with immensely increased power in summoning impressions, which have been digested into knowledge, into actual and immediate use; a being much better able to recognize and receive spiritual influences exerted by his fellows, and with greater capability of exerting these influences himself. Then it must come to pass that with more knowledge at hand and with a better command of it, with a more delicate sense of the proper relation of things, and within easy spiritual reach of his fellows, man's life will be correspondingly more powerful in working out the ideals of a true social state.

If, through the natural processes of development, the future citizen is to fill the foregoing bill of particulars, and if the schools are to be the accepted means of promoting that development, it



is evident that some radical changes in organization and methods will become necessary.

To be in accord with modern notions respecting growth, the ideal school of the future will be first concerned with its surroundings. The house will not be located in the slums of the cities, nor yet will it be buried in the recesses of the country districts. The city schools of the future will be built in the suburbs, and the future city councils will as seriously consider the street railway routes leading to these centers of our social strength as they now consider the routes leading to the chief marts of trade. The schools of the country, too, will be placed near the villages, towns, and cities that the children may reap the social advantages that are thereby to be gained, and also that much of the useless waste of the present plan may be avoided.

The school-house will be placed in these open surroundings, because just as it required the clear sunlight and pure air, doubtless, to call into being the first speck of life on the earth, so it to-day requires the same beneficent influences to keep the creation ever fresh. It is only under these primeval influences, unhindered by soot or dust, that we can have that absolutely fundamental condition for growth, education, and citizenship—sound physical health.

In the future school, therefore, it will be easy to keep the children in close contact with nature

in those primeval forms from which man has always derived his original strength. It is startling to consider how barren at present the lives of the children are in the schools in this respect—country and city alike. Yet how often in all our work do we go back to those experiences derived from our early contact with nature for strength, help, and comfort in our present time of trouble! What of the future lives of the children who to-day are being drawn by the schools more and more from home influences and natural surroundings, and submerged in a crowd and are being fed on the dry husks of words and other semi-barren symbols!

The school of the future will be an invention for the purpose of utilizing to the uttermost all the rich experiences of childhood. The school of to-day is the place where the child goes to conceal what he has learned and actually knows, where he is taught to forswear those things which he most dearly loves, and where he is required to renounce almost totally that which he most delights to do—namely, to work with his hands.

The new school, therefore, will be the gathering point for all the rich things in life that are so attractive to childhood. The new pedagogy will be induced through the challenge which such fullness of subject-matter makes upon the pupil to learn and upon the teacher to teach.

The school of the future will look after the individual. The unfortunate and the weak, according to their several needs, will be properly cared for by the strong, and this responsibility will make the latter more thoughtful and tender. In other days, the weak were exposed upon the mountains to a pitiless death. To-day thousands of such children through indifference are unnecessarily exposed to a fate almost as merciless. Fictitious rewards and false incentives create and foster selfishness in the strong to the utter discouragement of the weak. The latter, early jostled to the wayside, are left to lead a life of despair and intellectually to perish. If the devotion of the strong were placed at the service of the weak there would be few indeed who would fail to "pass." But the machinery of the schools as now constituted scarcely countenances the altruistic instincts of the children, much less does it foster them.

The new school, therefore, will be an ideal, self-governing, democratic social state. It will be this for it can be no other. It will be this because the whole structure rests upon kindness and consideration for others. The children will be courteous and kind to each other and to the teacher because the teachers and parents will be courteous and kind to them and to each other. This condition of mutual consideration and respect shall prevail because it will be found in the end

to pay the best for all concerned; that selfishness and all forms of self-seeking are expensive and in the end suicidal.

There will be new teachers, too, in the future school. They will be selected and trained for their life work with even greater care than we now exercise in selecting our favorite cattle or dogs. Their tenure of office no longer subject to the whim of some political creature, they will give themselves wholly to their work as a labor of love and as a means of living up to the highest ideals of life.

New parents there will be also, who will have lost some of the hypocrisy of these days; who will not endlessly inflict upon the suffering teacher the story of the thoroughness of their own education as wrought out under conditions that no longer prevail. Yea, verily, there will be in those days a new heaven and a new earth.

The new school is assured. Man sometime will learn that it is better to aid than to oppose the evolutionary process, and also that the school offers the best organized means for progress. The new school founded upon the theory that man must live in harmony with nature, instead of at war with her, will minister to the senses, which, as yet, are but a prophecy of what they shall be. Through a kind nurture and refinement of feelings it will gradually replace envy and hate with generosity and love.



Trained with and under the influences of the natural physical, social, and moral forces that make for human growth, the future citizen, the product of the future school, will find less of strife and more of peace; less of evil and more of good. Life will have more of steadiness for it will have more of reason. Human destiny will have a higher meaning.





In the Workshop of the University Guild.

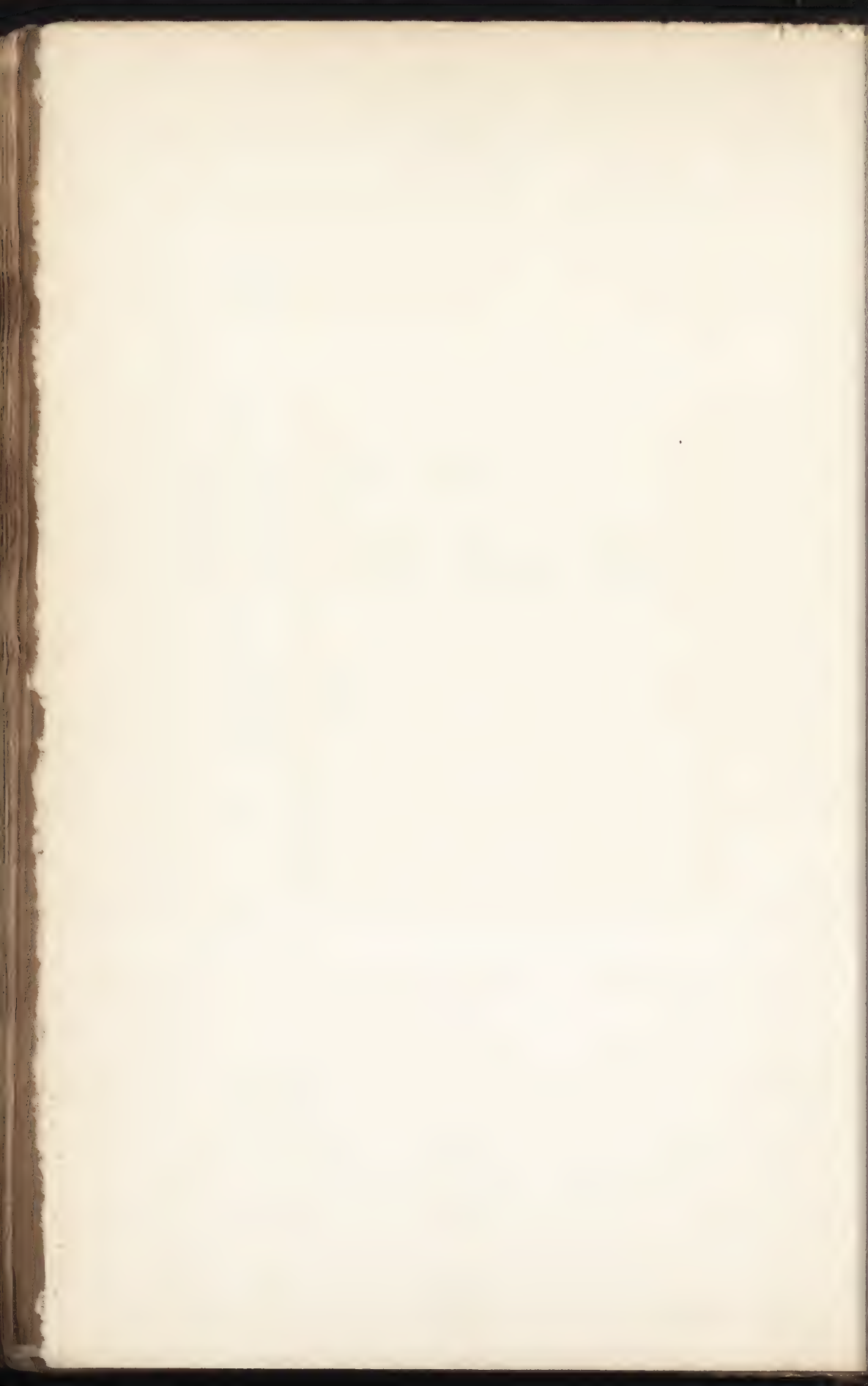




PART III

THE ART AND CRAFT OF THE  
MACHINE

BY  
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT



## THE ART AND CRAFT OF THE MACHINE

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

**W**HAT the machine means in ethics or sociology no artist can know as yet, but this thing has become the commonplace of his field, and from actual experience, repeated day after day in every phase of his effort, he may approach the nature of the riddle closely, and in time he may prove that this "creature of iniquity" is capable of carrying to fruition high ideals in art—higher than the world has yet seen!

In this day and generation we must recognize that this transforming force whose outward sign and symbol is the thing of brass and steel we call a machine, is now grown to the point where the artist must take it up, no longer to protest. Genius must dominate the work of the contrivance it has created. This plain duty is relentlessly marked out for the artist in this, the Machine Age. He cannot set it aside, although there is involved an adjustment to cherished gods, perplexing and painful in the extreme; and though the fires of long-honored ideals shall go down to ashes. They

will reappear, phoenix-like, with new life and purposes.

None will deny that the machine has dealt a death-blow to the art that Morris and Ruskin loved and faintly revived. The evidence is too substantial. By the art that Morris and Ruskin loved, I mean art in the sense of structural tradition, whose craft is fashioned upon the handicraft ideal; wherein forms as structural parts were laboriously joined so as to beautifully emphasize the manner in which the joining was done. The manner in which the million and one different ways in which these necessities of structure were realized have come down to us chiefly through the books as art and they have for their basis the methodical conditions of the craft that produced them. They were simply the idealized expression of those methods and conditions. Let us assume architecture as a fitting representative of this early art, and go as far back as the invention of printing for our first great machine and trace hastily wherein the machine has sapped the vitality of this art. What printing or the machine has done for architecture or the fine arts will have been done in a measure of time for all art immediately fashioned upon the early handicraft ideal. Victor Hugo has drawn the parallel and was a noble lover and a great student of architecture, and after tracing the growth of architecture in superb fashion, showing how



in the Middle Ages all the intellectual forces of the people converged to one point—architecture—he shows how, in the life of the time, whoever was born poet became an architect. All other arts simply obeyed and placed themselves under the discipline of architecture. They were the workmen of the great work. It was the architect who summed up in his person the sculpture that carved his facades, the painting which illuminated his windows, and the music which set his bells to pealing and breathed into his organs—there was nothing in that time, which, in order to make something of itself was forced to come and frame itself in the edifice. Thus down to the time of Gutenberg, architecture is the principal writing—the universal writing of humanity. In the great granite books begun by the Orient, continued by Greek and Roman antiquity, the Middle Ages wrote the last pages. So down to the fifteenth century the chief register of humanity is architecture. But in the fifteenth century human thought discovers a mode of perpetuating itself, not only more resisting than architecture, but still more simple and easy. Architecture is dethroned. Gutenberg's letters of lead are about to supersede Orpheus's letters of stone; the book is about to kill the edifice. Cut the primitive bed of a river abruptly with a canal hollowed out beneath its level and the river will desert its bed. We may see now how architecture withers away, becom-

ing little by little lifeless and bare. One feels the water sinking, the sap departing, the thought of the times and people withdrawing from it. The chill is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century, the press is yet weak and at most draws from architecture a superabundance of life, but with the beginning of the sixteenth century the malady of architecture is visible. It becomes classic art in a miserable manner; from being indigenous, it becomes Greek and Roman; from being true and modern, it becomes pseudo-classic. And it is this decadence which we call the Renaissance! It is the setting sun which we mistake for dawn. Architecture has now no power to hold the other arts, so they emancipate themselves, break the yoke of the architect, and take themselves off, each in its own direction. One would liken it to an empire dismembered at the death of its Alexander and whose provinces become kingdoms.

Sculpture becomes statuary, the image trade becomes painting, the canon becomes music. Hence Raphael, Angelo and those splendors of the dazzling sixteenth century.

Nevertheless when the sun of the middle ages is completely set, architecture grows dim; becomes more and more effaced. The printed book, the gnawing worm of the edifice sucks and devours it. It is petty, it is nothing. Reduced to itself, abandoned by other arts because human

thought is abandoning it, it summons bunglers in place of artists. It is miserably perishing.

Meanwhile what becomes of printing? All the life leaving architecture comes to it and in proportion as architecture ebbs and flows, printing swells and grows. That capital of forces which human thought has been expending in building is hereafter to be expended in books, and architecture as it was is dead, irretrievably slain by the printed book; slain because it endures for a shorter time, slain because human thought has found a more simple medium of expression, which costs less in human effort; because human thought has been rendered volatile and indestructible, reaching irresistibly the far corners of the earth and for all.

The decline of architecture forms but one line of evidence of the organic process that has steadily gone on down to the present time, and still goes on weakening the hold of the artist upon his people and time, drawing from his ranks poet and scientist, until architecture is but a little poor knowledge of archaeology and the average of art is reduced to the gasping poverty of imitative realism; until the whole letter of tradition, the vast fabric of precedent in the flesh, which has increasingly confused the art ideal while the machine has been growing to power, is a corpse from which the spirit has flown.

So the artist craft wanes; craft that will not

see that human thought is stripping off its old form as it dons another, and artists are everywhere, whether catering to the leisure class of old England or ground beneath the heel of commercial abuse here in the great West, the unwilling symptoms of the inevitable, organic power of the machine they combat and the smoke of the factories they scorn to understand. Invincible the machine goes on gathering force and knitting the material necessities of mankind closer into a universal automatic fabric; the engine, the motor, and the battleship, the works of art of the century.

A magnificent truth confronts us now with no guise of beauty; a lusty material giant without a trace of ideality disguised by tattered garments long outgrown. And within our recollection we have all been horrified at the bitter cost of its development; appalled to see this great power driven by greed like a ruthless Juggernaut over the innocent and defenceless, to see the bread snatched from the mouths of the sober and industrious, and honorable occupations going to the wall with a half-blown riot, a feeble strike, or a stifled moan, outclassed, outdone, outlived. The workman himself has come to regard it as his Nemesis and combines against it with a wild despair that dashes itself to pieces, while the artist, blissfully dreaming in the paths of the past, berates him for his lack-luster senses, rails against



conditions that neither afford him his opportunity nor appreciate him as he panders to ill-begotten luxury, or folds his hands, innocuous, and starves to death, a martyr upon the cross of "art." Handicraftsman and artist succumb to the inevitable as one man at a machine does the work of from five to fifty men in the same time, doing it better, the artist meanwhile prostituting to old methods and ideals the new possibilities of this same machine and again in the name of the artistic! Meanwhile new avenues open, new possibilities expand and notwithstanding injustice and perversion the condition of the workman betters as his margin of leisure widens, his wage rises and the ubiquity of the machine brings him creature comforts and educational advantage, the material comforts of life universally increase and art alone languishes as an element foreign to this condition, a parasite fastening itself at the bud of this growing power to the passing confusion of that power and its own destruction.

Is it not time to ask why it is that in the art schools of this country the machine has no recognition, is not reckoned with and measured up to in the training of capable and earnest young men and women? Let us for a moment visit in memory a temple of the fine arts very like other fine art temples, where some of the city's sons and daughters are qualifying their souls to breathe into this machine age the thrill of ideality. We

approach a structure fashioned as inculcated by the French, upon the ideals and methods of a Graeco-Roman and a decaying civilization, whose essential tool was the chattel slave; a servile imitation of a building originated to satisfy some one else's condition. We pass between the usual lions, and beneath some foreign finery into the lobby where a noble statue of the Republic confronts us, although she is somewhat imperial, and we find amid the casts of antiquity earnest students, patiently and hungrily gleaning a half-acre of archaeological dry bones, to feed and go forth armed for educational conquest. Go forth to make some impression upon the machine age in which they live, their fundamental tool the machine.

In this half-acre not a relic has a vital relation to things as they are, except that they are more or less beautiful in themselves—things as they were. These students are therefore to concoct from a study of the aspect of these things as they were a fine-art panacea for things as they are; to procure an extract of antiquity suited to modern needs, meanwhile knowing nothing, permitted to care nothing for modern needs, taught to shun and despise the essential tool of their age as a matter commercial and antagonistic to art. So they go forth, each with his little extract, applying it as a sticking plaster from without wherever it can be made to stick, helplessly knowing that it

should be a development from within—and this is modern art!

We climb the stairs to see the results hanging upon the walls of the upper galleries, and we find the same reverence for the past at cost to the present and of doubtful value to the future—evidence rather of the lust of the collector than the encouraging patronage of the patron of his day and generation. To emulate the atmosphere so created we find our young men going to Holland to paint gray days and sheep, or to Normandy to rival Millet's peasants, or certainly, better still, bringing us soft skies and sunny nooks from our own land, but where is the throbbing pulse of the nineteenth century portrayed and idealized?

In this temple, a temple that should be the heart center of a great national activity, we find tradition not as an inspiring spirit that animated progress in the past but an ancient mummy, a dead letter, a "precedent." We come away to see, as we glance about us, the houses our people live in and the public buildings they build, and trace evidence on every side of an inglorious war between things as they were and things as they are; barren ugliness giving place to deceit glaring with vain pomp and pretense; Greek temples for the money changers, Roman monuments for the postal service, a nondescript palace, with a grand tower for a grocery store, and bay windows, topped by miniature Parthenons for office build-



ings. Every interest in town, it seems, scurrying for respectability by seeking and advertising connection at least with the "classic." The renaissance of the ass and the lion's skin! Our private houses are more servile still; a polyglot encampment displaying a theatrical desire on the part of fairly respectable people to live in chateaux, manor houses, Venetian palaces, or, worse still, in abortions of carpenter architects intended to beat them all at their own game. Plunder! Lies! Shams! based upon ignorance and vanity. Everything sacred to the art of old now rendered obsolete and unnatural by the machine, and reduced to a meaningless masquerade of plunder! Then look within and see the machine-made copies of old originals, in fact, unless you are very fortunate indeed, possessed of extraordinary taste and opportunity, all you possess is in some degree an instance of vitiated handicraft: that is, things in form and design suited to handicraft methods imitated poorly by the machine. Your furniture very likely carved by the machine, and fitted with curved legs and arms, with a tortured sprawl which you suppose artistic when it is no more than a nasty imitation of an erstwhile wood-carver's dream. And your rugs, perhaps, are modern machine weavings of the Oriental rug patterns; your walls are papered with imitations of old tapestry in pattern and in texture, your wood-work is stained antique. You have a white-and-



gold "reception room" with a few gilded chairs, an overwrought piano, and withal a general "profusion" which belonged to a more sensual time—a more decadent period.

And do these things in themselves mean anything to you aside from their vogue and price? aside from your sense of quantitative ownership? Do you perceive in them a fine fitness in form, line, and color to the purposes which they serve, and to each other? Do many of them serve any purpose at all of which you can think? Do you finally enjoy in them an appreciation of truth in beautiful guise?

If you do not you are a victim of habit, and bad habit, evidence of the stagnation of an outgrown art which has no vital meaning to your life or to our time and of which you are ashamed to confess your ignorance when you are, as everyone else is, hopelessly ignorant concerning it, for it is "impossible."

You may well wonder what has become of the grand spirit of art which in times past made man's reflection in his environment a godlike thing. Glance for a moment behind this scene painting that passes for the art of the nineteenth century, and study for a moment the tools which produce the "art." It is unnecessary to go far afield for familiar types of the machine, forced by false ideals to do violence to simplicity when they have made possible the highest simplicity and great

beauty. We will find the magnificent prowess of the machine bombarding civilization with mangled corpses or strenuous horrors that once stood for cultivated luxury and are now a species of commercial vulgarity. Without regard to first principles or common sense the letter of tradition is recklessly fed into the rapacious maw of machines until "reproductions" may be had for ninety-nine cents where the original cost ages of toil and patient culture. This seems like progress were it not that these very things are now harmful parasites befogging the sensibilities of our natures, belittling and falsifying any true perception of normal beauty the Creator may have seen fit to implant in us. The idea of fitness to purpose, harmony between form and use is lacking in them as it is sadly lacking in us; and as for making the best of the conditions which produce them, by so doing idealizing the industrial fabric that is perverted and enslaved by them, the mere idea has grown abnormal.

Among the few, the favored chosen few who love and devote their energies to art, the training they acquire is utilized by them as a protest, a protest against the machine as the creator of this iniquity when it is no more than the creature. As perhaps wood is the most available of homely materials and naturally then the most abused, let us first glance at wood.

Machinery has been invented for no other

purpose than to imitate the wood-carving of the early ideal, with the result that no cheap furniture is salable without some horrible botch work meaning nothing unless it means that "art and craft" has fixed in the minds of the masses the old hand-carved chairs as the "ne plus ultra" of the ideal. The miserable tribute to this perversion yielded by Grand Rapids alone would mar the face of art beyond repair, to say nothing of the weird or fussy joinery of spindles and jig-sawing; beamed, braced, and elaborated to outdo in sentimentality the sentiment of an already overwrought "antique." The whole sentiment of early craft we find degenerated to an ignorant sentimentality having no longer sensible significance and certainly no commercial integrity. Simplicity teaches us that the beauty of wood lies in its qualities as wood. Treatments that fail to bring those qualities foremost are not plastic, therefore not appropriate—so not beautiful. The machine teaches us, if we have left it to the machine, that certain simple forms and handling serve to bring out the beauty of wood and retain its character and that certain other forms and handling do not; that all wood-carving is apt to be by a forcing of the material, for it destroys its finer possibilities as a material having in itself beauty of marking, exquisite texture, and wonderful color. The machines used in this work will, if a little study is bestowed upon them, show

you that by unlimited cutting, shaping, smoothing, and repetitive capacity they have emancipated these beauties of nature in wood, making possible without waste beautiful surface treatments of clean, strong forms that the veneers of Sheraton or Chippendale only hinted at with dire extravagance, and that were unknown to the middle ages. Here these machines considered technically have placed in the hands of the designer a means of idealizing the true nature of wood harmoniously with man's spiritual and material needs without waste and within the reach of every one. But an unfair advantage is taken of peerless tools and we merely suffer from a riot of vitiated handicraft. Then, at random, take the worker in marbles. His gang-saws, planers, pneumatic chisels, and rubbing beds have made it possible to reduce blocks, say ten feet long, six feet deep, and two feet thick, to sheets or slabs one inch thick, in a few hours, thereby making it possible to use a precious material as an ordinary wall covering in which the slab as in a veneer may be turned and matched at the edges to develop exquisite pattern, emancipating hundreds of superficial feet of marvelous drawing in pure color that formerly wasted in the heart of a block of structural building material. This makes possible a distinctly new use to bring out the beauty of this material consistently with its nature and impossible to handicraft. But what happens?



The "artist" persists in taking a dishonest advantage of these machines, building up an imitation of solid piers with molded caps and bases cunningly uniting the slabs at the edges until detection is difficult except to the trained eye. His method does not change to develop the new technical possibility. He is singly enabled to make more piers and shafts because he can now make them hollow.

His architecture becomes worthy of the fakir, for his forms not only tell of the method which used to be and belie the method that is, but cheat progress of the new possibilities which are its due. For instance, witness any public library or art institute, the Congressional Library and the Boston Library are conspicuous examples. In the stone-cutting trade the planer has made it possible to cut in stone any given molded surface or to ingrain upon the surface of stone any lovely texture the cunning brain may devise, and do it as it never was possible to do it by hand. What is it doing? Giving us as near an imitation of hand-tooth chiseling as possible, imitating moldings specially adapted to wood, making possible the lavish use of miles of meaningless molded string courses, meanwhile sneered at by the "artist" because it fails of the wavering delicacy, the "mellowness" resulting from the imperfections of hand-work. He never seems to think that he might discount that delicacy in the design of the

contour of his sections, making a telling point of the very perfection he dreads, so designing for the prolific dexterity of the machine work which it can do so well that hand-work would seem insufferably crude in comparison. The deadly facility this one machine has given "book architecture" is only rivalled by galvanized iron. And if you will have tracery in stone you may arrive at it now consistently with the cheapening of other features of this fundamental trade. You may imitate the hand-carving of the ancients baffled by the tender cunning of the original, or you may give the pneumatic chisel suitable work to do which would mean a changed style, a shift in the spiritual center of the ideal now controlling it.

You will find in studying the group of old materials that they have all been rendered plastic by the machine. The machine itself is steadily creating the very quality in these things needed to satisfy its own art equation. Burned clay is a conspicuous instance of this. The modern machines (and a process is a machine) have rendered this material as sensitive to the creative brain as a dry plate is to the lens. A marvelous simplifier, enabling the artist to clothe the structural conditions of his age with simple, modestly beautiful robes where five or more different kinds of material were aggregated formerly in a segregation of features and parts supposed to be picturesque, but really a species of millinery to be

warped by the sun and beaten by the wind and rain into a variegated heap of trash. Out of the newer possibility comes a base imitation of the tool-marked blocks, voussoirs, and carvings—the stone work of ancient peoples. There is the process of modern casting in metal, one of the perfected modern machines capable of perpetuating the imagery of the most delicately poetic mind without hindrance—within reach of every one, therefore outraged by the bungler forcing it to a degraded seat at his festival of the “Renaissance.” Multitudes of processes await sympathetic interpretation, such as the galvano-plastic and its electrical brethren—a prolific horde now ; cheap fakirs imitating real bronzes and all manner of the antique, secretly damning it in their vitals ; and electro-glazing, shunned because too cleanly and delicate, so exquisitely susceptible it is to the traditional designer’s lack of touch.

The lithograph is the prince of an entire province of reproductive processes that, each and every one, have individualities and possibilities of their own. See what Whistler has made of the lithograph, and then he has sounded but one note in the gamut of its possibilities. But that note rings true to the process and is as delicate as the sheen of the butterfly’s wing. Yet the most this particular machine did for us, until then in the hand of art and craft, was to give us a cheap imitative effect of painting.

Volumes might be written and fail to cover the never-ending "artistic" abuse of the newer materials like steel.

Thus is the use made of the tools. Let us go to the commercial field first ripened by the machine for an application of the product. The tall modern office building is a characteristic of the machine. It is representative and shows the evil at its height, although it is merely one of many characteristic problems.

We may sense here an advanced stage of a condition surely entering all art for all time. Its triumph here in the struggle taking place between the machine and "art" of structural tradition reveals "art" in tatters, hung upon the steel frame of commerce like a forlorn head upon a pike staff, a solemn if a gruesome warning to architects and artists everywhere.

We must walk blindfolded through the streets not to see that this magnificent resource of machine and material has brought us a complete, broadcast degradation of types and forms sacred to the art of old—a pandemonium of tin masks, huddled deformities, and decayed methods. With a perverted mine of industrial wealth at our feet we naturally have no power to use it except to the perversion of our normal possibilities. A shame which merciful ignorance mistakes for glorious achievement. We even believe in our artistic greatness when, as we have seen, we toss up a



Pantheon to the god of money in a night, get together a mammoth aggregation of Roman monuments, sarcophagi and Greek temples for a post-office in a year or two, and the patient retinue of the machine pitches in with a terrible effectiveness to consummate this unhallowed ambition, this insult to ancient gods.

A new element has entered here. The structural necessity which shaped Pantheons, monuments, and temples has been reduced by the machine to a skeleton of steel, complete in itself without the artist craftsman's touch.

It is not easy to comprehend then that the myriad little ways of satisfying these necessities known to us as the traditional art of building, vanish, become history? The mainspring of their existence has been removed, their spiritual center has shifted and what remains is but a husk.

The imitative blocks and voussoirs of imitated stone are badgered into imitating all manner of structural gymnastics or else granite is cut in the fashion of the followers of Phidias and the blocks are cunningly arranged about the steel beams and shafts to look like architecture in the books. These building blocks are carried by this straining steel skeleton from floor to floor, and it would be quite as feasible to begin at the cornice and come down to the base with it as to work from the base upward. It is often done. The keystone of the arch may be set and the arch filled

downward to the hanches. This outward seeming or mask takes on the complexion of the classic, the renaissance or whatever catches the fancy or fastens the "convictions" of the designer.

The fashionable followers of Phidias have been trying to make this wily skeleton of steel all sorts of "book architecture" and the result of their effort is certainly ingenious and surprising until you go behind the scenes. The artist is emancipated here as elsewhere, free to work his rational will with a freedom unknown to structural tradition; his unit has enlarged and his rhythms are simplified and etherialized. He is no longer hampered by stone, arch, or lintel, but he clings to the grammatical phrases they have made when those phrases are in his hands empty lies and he can make of them nothing else.

The steel frame of commerce has received a few rational solutions. The steel frame has been recognized as a legitimate basis for a simple, sincere clothing of plastic material that reveals its essential nature and idealizes its purpose without structural affectation and pretense. This is, perhaps, the first sane word that has been said in the field for the art of the machine.

But the artistic stomach has become dyspeptic from overmuch unwholesome pastry, and will refuse wholesome food until the malady which is inevitable asserts itself. So spin a rough, feeble thread of the evidence at large that the machine

has weakened the artist, all but destroyed his hand-made ideal, and is reducing him to a pose, a mere attitude. With the old love and natural enthusiasm he works miserable mischief meanwhile with the purest of motives, perhaps, because his heart has not kept in sympathy with his scientific brother's head.

These evident instances should serve to hint to the thinking mind that the machine is a marvelous simplifier in not a merely negative sense; that it may be the emancipator of the creative mind, and in time the regenerator of the creative conscience. We may see that this destructive process is taking place, that art may awaken to the power of fully developed senses promised by the dreams of its childhood even though that power may not come the way pictured in those dreams.

If the artist will only open his eyes he will see that the machine has made it not only possible but imperative to wipe out the mass of meaningless torture to which we have been subjected in the name of the artistic for two centuries; that it has made a cleanly strength and ideality, a poetic fire, possible which the art of the world has never realized. The machine smooths away the necessity for the temptation to petty structural deceit, soothes this wearisome struggle to make things seem what they are not and never can be, satisfies the simple term of its modern art equa-



tion as the ball of clay in the sculptor's hand yields to his desire—comforting forever this masquerade we suppose to be art.

The machine is the creature and not the creator of artistic iniquity. It has noble possibilities unwillingly forced to degradation in the name of the "artistic." As far as its artistic capacity is concerned it is itself the crazed victim of artist whose art is fashioned upon a handicraft ideal.

This machine age is suffering for the artist who accepts, works, and sings as he works with the joy of the here and now; we want men who seek eagerly and find or blame themselves, not the times, if they fail to find the beauty of this age; men who distinctly accept as singers and prophets, for no man may work longer in the sense that William Morris' great work was legitimately done, in the sense that most art and craft to-day is an echo. The time when such work might be useful has gone by.

Is this prevailing fear of the higher artistic expression demanded by the machine founded upon a finely guarded reticence, a recognition of inherent weakness or plain ignorance? Assuming that it is all three, is there not a modern arts and crafts society possible that may educate itself to make some good impression upon the destroyer of present ideals and tendencies? For the more we examine conditions in the field the more we shall find the utter impotence of the old forms



to satisfy new conditions and the crying need of the machine for plastic, pliant treatment that the body of structural precedent cannot yield. I will venture to say from observation and some experience that not one educational institution in America has yet attempted to establish a vital sympathy between science and art by training the artist to his actual tools, or by a process of nature study that develops the power of independent thought fitting him to use them profitably. Not one artist in one hundred has taken pains to educate himself by contact in the field with the technical conditions which he must master before he can express himself. Until he does master them he is of no vital service to his time. The machine must be studied in its own sphere at the factories, in process, and in economics with the men who invent, organize, and direct its enormous activities; studied sympathetically, not as heretofore, in the spirit of the idea that those things are wrong, nor looking for that in them which would most nearly approximate the handicraft ideal, not looking for craftsmen, but getting a scientific ground plan of the process in mind if possible with a view to its natural bent and possibilities. This would be no more than a process by which artists receive information nine-tenths of them lack concerning the tools they have to work with to-day, for tools to-day are processes and machine where they were once but a hammer or a

gouge, as the artist more the leader of an orchestra where he was once a soloist.

Granting that a determined, dauntless body of artist material could be brought together with enough persistent enthusiasm to grapple with the machine, would not some one be found to provide the suitable experimental station that would represent in miniature the elements of this great pulsating web of the machine, wherein each pregnant process or significant tool in printing, lithography, electrical reproductive processes, and the technical machinery used in the wood-working, iron-working, clay-baking industries would have its place, and where the best and truest artists' inspiration could mingle with the best young scientific blood, sounding the depths of these open mysteries to accord them the patient, sympathetic treatment that is their due. This may seem to artist mind too synthetic, but if out of twenty students a ray of light should come to a single one to light up a single operation, it would be fairly something, while joy in handicraft is a pleasurable personal accomplishment without real relation to a grim condition which is growing daily more painful and more wasteful. Surely a thing like this would in time alleviate the insensate numbness of workers whose dutiful obedience is chained to both work and bunglers' ambitions; who knows not why nor understands this would be a practical means of making his dutiful

obedience result in something as normal to this machine age as a ray of light is to the healthy eye, something we can all understand and appreciate. Every age has done its work, therefore produced its art with the best tools or contrivances it knew; the tools most successful in saving the most precious thing in the world—human effort. Greece used the chattel slave as the essential tool of its art and civilization. This tool we have discarded and we would refuse the return of Greek art upon the terms of its restoration because we insist now upon a basis of democracy.

Is it not more likely that the medium of artistic expression itself has changed and broadened until a new definition and a new direction must be given the art activity of the future, and that the machine has finally made for the artist, whether he will own it yet or not, a splendid distinction between the art of old and art to come? A distinction made by the tool which frees human labor, lengthens and broadens the life of the simplest man and thereby the basis of the democracy upon which we insist. If the art of the Greek, produced at such cost to human life, was so noble and enduring, what limit dare we now imagine to an art based upon an adequate life for the individual?

Art is to me a matter of seeing and portraying in any medium the harmony of organic tendencies

and this harmony is "poetry." The ability to do this is, in a measure, a prophetic gift, for the artist nature may intuitively sense these qualities, but I feel composition to be simply the essence of refinement in organization, the original impulse of which is registered by the artistic nature as unconsciously as the magnetic needle vibrates to the magnetic law, but which is in synthesis or analysis organically consistent if we had the power to see.

So believing true art as organic as a primrose or an oak I have grown into the belief that the world of art to which we refer as "the world outside of science," is not a thing outside and apart but rather the very heart quality of this great material growth, as religion is its conscience.

It is upon this faith in art as the organic heart of the scientific frame of things, that I base a belief that we must look to the artist brain of all brains to grasp the significance to society of this thing we call the machine, which is no more or less than the principle of organic growth working irresistibly the will of life through the medium of man. We are drawn helplessly into its mesh as we tread our daily round. It has become commonplace background of modern existence and in too many lives the foreground, middle distance, and the future. At best we are some co-operative part in a vast machinery, seemingly controlled by some great crystallizing principle



in nature. If you would see how interwoven it is in the warp and woof of civilization, if indeed it is not the very framework, go at nightfall to the top one of the down-town steel giants and you may see how in the image of material man, at once his glory and his menace, is this thing we call a city. There beneath you is the monster, stretching acre upon acre into the far distance. High over head hangs the stagnant pall of its fetid breath, reddened with light from myriad eyes endlessly, everywhere blinking. Thousands of acres of cellular tissue, the city's flesh outspreads, layer upon layer, enmeshed by an intricate network of veins and arteries radiating into the gloom, and in them, with a muffled, persistent roar, circulating as the blood circulates in your veins, is the almost ceaseless beat of the activity to whose necessities it all conforms.

The poisonous waste is drawn from the system of this gigantic creature by infinitely ramifying, thread-like ducts, gathering at their sensitive terminals matter destructive to its life, hurrying it to millions of small intestines to be collected in turn by larger, flowing to the great sewers, on to the drainage canal, and finally to the ocean.

This wondrous flesh is again knit and inter-knit with a nervous system effective and complete, delicate filaments for hearing, knowing, and almost feeling the pulse of its organism, acting

intelligently upon ligaments and tendons for motive impulse, and in all is flowing the impelling fluid of man's own life.

Its muscles are the Corliss tandems, whirling their hundred-ton fly-wheels, fed by gigantic rows of water tube boilers burning oil, a solitary man slowly pacing here and there regulating the little valves controlling the deafening roar of the flaming gas, while the incessant clicking and shifting of the governor gear controlling these modern Goliaths seems a visible brain in action, as it registers infallibly in the enormous magnets, purring in the giant embrace of great induction coils, generating the vital current meeting on the instant in the rolling cars on elevated tracks ten miles away.

More quietly, whispering down the long low rooms of factory buildings buried in the gloom beyond, range on range of staunch, beautifully perfected automatons murmur contentedly, automatons that would have the American manufacturing industry of five years ago by the throat to-day; manipulating steel as delicately as a mystical shuttle of the modern loom manipulates a silk thread in the shimmering pattern of a dainty gown. Night and day these nervous minions of the machine obediently serve the master mind with sensitive capacities as various as those of man himself. Here reflected in steam, steel, and electrical energy is a creature grown in

response to man's needs, and in his image, daily becoming more sensitive and complete.

And the labored breathing, the murmur, the clangor, and the roar!—how the voice of this greatest of machines, a great city, rises to proclaim the marvel of its structure; the ghastly warning boom from the deep throats of vessels heavily seeking inlet to the waterway below, answered by the echoing clangor of the bridge bells, growing nearer and more ominous, warning the living current from the swinging bridge as the vessel cuts for a moment the flow of the nearer artery, and now closing upon its stately passage just in time to receive, in a rush of steam as a streak of light, the avalanche of blood and metal hurled across it and gone roaring into the night on its glittering bands of steel, faithfully encircled in its flight by slender magic lines tick-tapping its protection.

Nearer, in the building ablaze with midnight activity, a wide, white band streams into the marvel of the multiple press, receiving unerringly the indelible impression of the human hopes, joys, and fears throbbing in the pulse of the modern activity and as infallibly as the gray matter of the human brain receives the impression of the senses, coming forth as millions of neatly folded, perfected news-sheets, teeming with vivid appeals, good and evil passions; weaving a web of intercommunication so far-reaching that distance be-

comes as nothing, the thought of one man in one corner of the earth one day visible to all men the next day; the doings of all the world reflected as in a glass—so marvelously sensitive this simple band streaming endlessly from day to day becomes in the grasp of the multiple press.

If the pulse of this great activity to which the tremor of the mammoth skeleton beneath your feet is but an awe-inspiring response, is thrilling, what of this prolific silent obedience? Remain to contemplate this wonder until the twinkling lights perish in groups, followed one by one, leaving others to smother in the gloom; until the fires are banked, the tumult slowly dies to an echo here and there. Then the darkened pall is lifted and moonlight outlines the sullen, shadowy masses of structure deeply cut here and there by half-luminous channels; huge patches of shadow, shade, and darkness intermingle mysteriously in block-like plan and sky-line; the broad surface of the lake beside, placid and resplendent with a silver gleam. And there reflect that the texture of the tissue of this great machine, this forerunner of the democracy we hope for, has been deposited, particle by particle, in blind obedience to law—the organic law to which the great solar universe is but an obedient machine, and marvel that this masterful force is as yet untouched by art or artist. A magnificent truth with no guise of beauty disguised by tat-



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tered garments long outgrown; the outward sign  
of an inner plan wherein combinations of  
capital and great industrial tendencies  
are but symptoms, government's  
imperfect manifestations,  
whereof wear and friction are social in-  
justice and  
waste is  
war.





Old Colonial Bed, Etc.

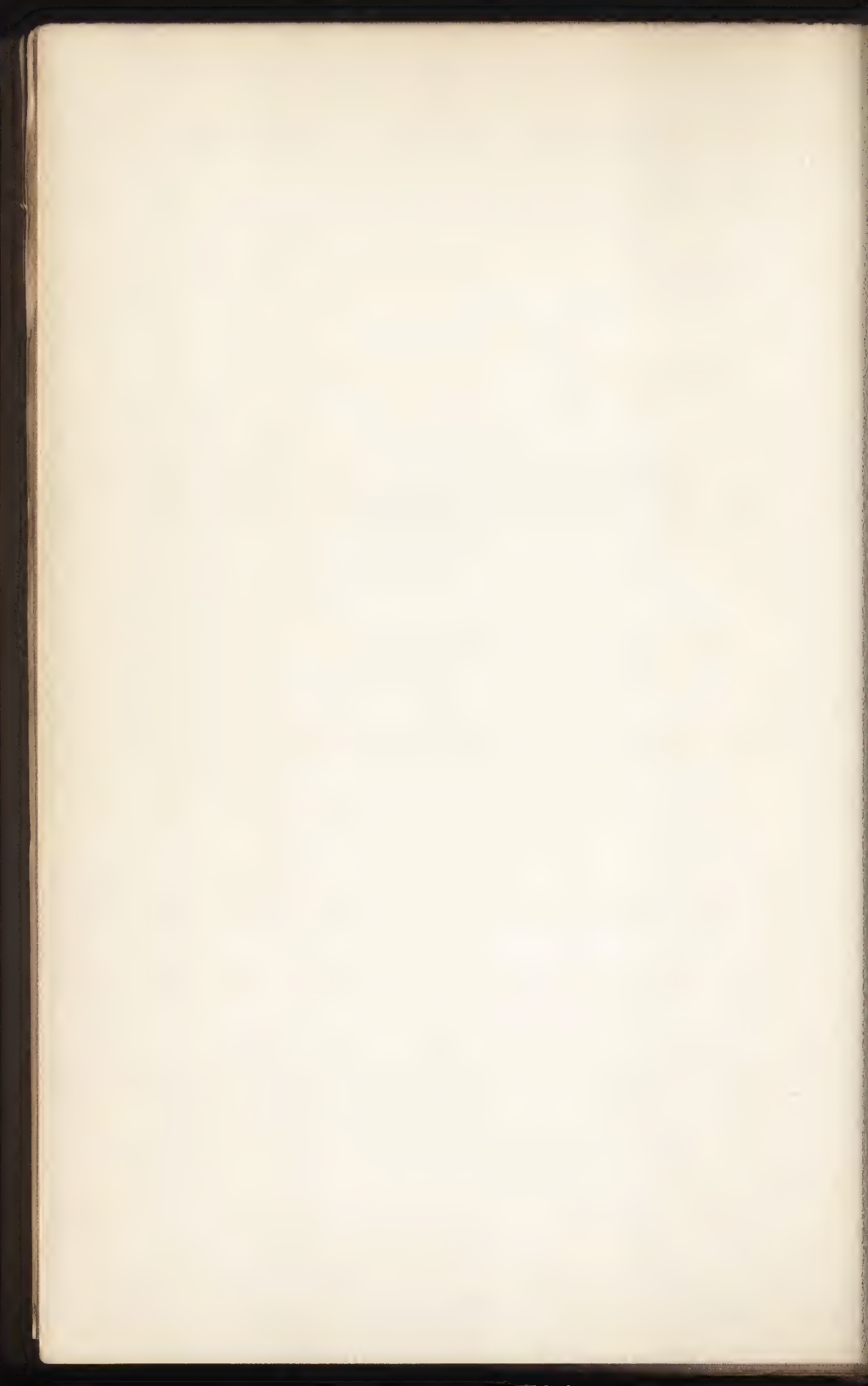




NATIONAL  
SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS  
OF THE REVOLUTION

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FOUNDED IN NEW YORK, 1891



ILLINOIS  
STATE SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS  
OF THE REVOLUTION

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ORGANIZED MARCH 4, 1901  
CHICAGO

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MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS  
OF THE REVOLUTION, THE FORWARD MOVEMENT,  
THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF INDUSTRIAL  
ART, AND THE GENERAL FEDERATION  
OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

REPRESENTED ON THE CHICAGO EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION  
OF THE CIVIC FEDERATION AND AT  
THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION





INSIGNIA OF SOCIETY

D. R.





BETTY ZANE

IN WHOSE HONOR THE CHICAGO CHAPTER  
D. R. WAS NAMED





## THE HEROIC DEED OF ELIZABETH ZANE

AIMÉE ZANE

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name  
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of fame;  
She was the lassie who knew no fear  
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.  
If deeds of daring should win renown,  
Let us honor the damsel of Wheeling town,  
Who braved the savage with deep disdain—  
Bright-eyed, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago,  
They were close beset by the dusky foe;  
They had spent of powder their scanty store,  
And who the gauntlet should run for more?  
She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I!  
'T is better a girl than a man should die;  
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.  
Unbar the gate," said Elizabeth Zane.  
The powder was sixty yards away;  
Around her the foemen in ambush lay;  
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,  
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"

She neither swerved to the left nor right,  
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.  
"Quick, open the door!" she cried again,  
"For a hope forlorn. 'T is Elizabeth Zane."

No time had she to waver or wait,  
Back she must go ere it be too late;  
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste  
And knotted it deftly about her waist,  
Then filled it with powder—never, I ween,  
Had powder so lovely a magazine;  
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,  
Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;  
Strong hands fastened the open gate;  
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears  
That had there been strangers for many years.  
From flint-lock rifles again there sped  
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,  
And the war whoop sounded that day in vain—  
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,  
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;  
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—  
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?  
Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,  
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town;  
Here is a record without a stain—  
Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

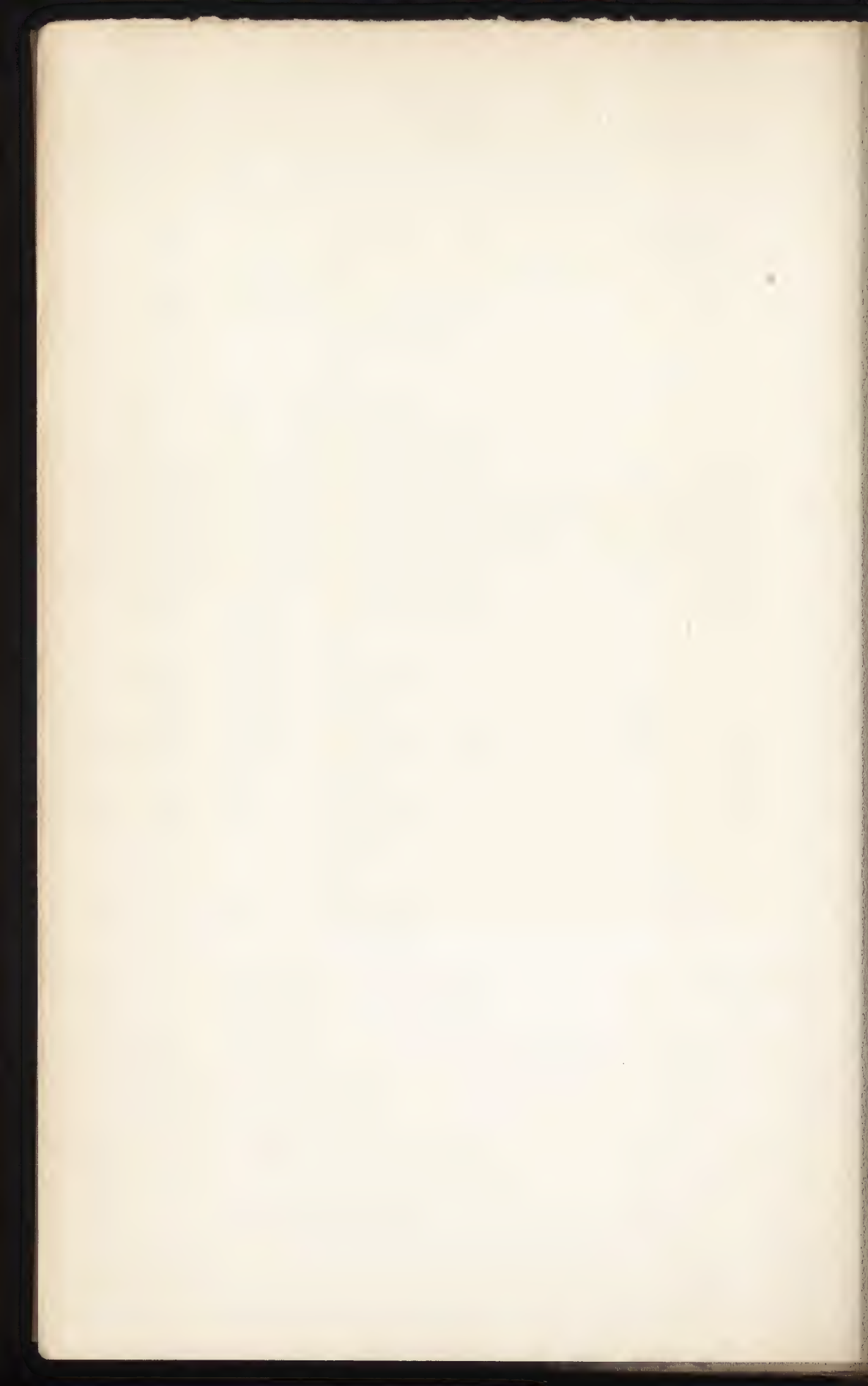


Some Pewter from the Colonial Period for the D. R. Chapter.





THE NEW REVOLUTION



## THE NEW REVOLUTION

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

**T**HE question of heredity is a very complicated one, but it is safe to say that in many quarters it has been overworked in recent years. Profound as is the truth that the individual is immeasurably modified by his inheritance, yet if the two forces are to be pitted the one against the other, environment, largely interpreted, is a greater factor in character, in most cases, than heredity. The two maxims of the turf are true, viz., "Blood will tell" and "Money makes the mare go."

If too much is made of environment in some directions there is still more danger of making too much of ancestry. The ancestral pride rests on a very shallow foundation, as a very little science will show. Every individual must have four great-grandfathers and eight great-great-grandfathers, saying nothing of eight great-great-grandmothers, giving to each individual thirty fore elders in four generations. Admitting one of these was noble, fortunate enough to be born in strenuous times, or reared under inspiring con-

ditions, the line of conspicuous heredity is much adulterated in the fourth generation. It is with some dismay, then, that we note the growth and multiplication of these ancestral societies in the United States, particularly the anxiety of all sorts of common people to exploit an uncommon heredity. The true glory of every man and woman lies in the fact that the life represented is a product of much complexity, that many lines converge in every individual; in other words, democracy and not aristocracy presents the true scientific basis of respect. Therein lie the titles of nobility. We are unable to state the distinctions as we have not attempted to keep track of the quarrels, the political intrigue and the strain for leadership among the various "Daughters of the Revolution," so much of which is now an object of painful notoriety.

But we are much interested in the final outcome. We are watching to see whether these alleged "Daughters" are to prove worthy the alleged fathers, or whether they are to justify Artemus Ward's philosophic witticism when he said, "People who exploit their ancestry are like potatoes—the best part of them is under ground."

We have said this much that we may have the right to say the commendatory thing concerning the movement of at least one section of the "Daughters of the Revolution" here in Chicago, under the lead of the State Regent, Mrs.



Marguerite Warren Springer. She, making common cause with the Industrial Art League of Chicago, has pointed the way over which these "Daughters" may go to justify their ancestry.

The world is sick of war. Its contribution to civilization is well-nigh complete and the books are almost closed. The world waits for the peaceful revolutions of industry, the strike for social equity, a declaration of independence from the conventional tyrannies of caste, creed, class, and race.

Looking in these directions the Daughters of the Revolution have been sustaining a course of fortnightly lectures in the University Lecture Hall in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, which began October 11th and will continue to April 25th. These lectures represent the living issues of the new civilization as interpreted by the men and women who, having given thought, are not afraid to speak. Among the men and topics are: "The Industrial Art," by Professor Oscar L. Triggs; "A Talk to the People," by Mayor Samuel M. Jones; "The Real Emancipation of Women," by W. M. Salter; "The Blight of the Army," by Marion Craig Wentworth; "The Coming Society," by Professor Albion W. Small; "Charity or Justice—Which?" by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch; and "The Future of Militarism," by Dr. Edmund J. James.

The lines upon which this bloodless revolu-

tion is to take place may be well indicated by the prospectus of the Industrial Art League, which is thus set forth:

"(1) To provide workshops and tools for the use of guilds of artists and craftsmen, and means for the exhibition and sale of their products; (2) to give instruction in the arts and crafts; (3) to establish an industrial art library and museum; (4) by publications and other appropriate means to promote the arts and crafts."

When any band of women set themselves to co-operate with such a society as this, and to help along such activities as this, they are indeed worthy "Daughters" of a doughty yeomanry, whether they marched in the Continental Army or stayed at home, thereby helping to feed and clothe the Continentals.

The young Alexander managed the fractious Bucephalus by turning his head from his own shadow and giving him the road. Most of the "troubles" of these "Daughters" would cease if they could only be turned from studying their own shadows and be given the road of real progress, put on the track with something worth doing, at least a goal worth working for. This goal has been well stated by Mrs. Springer herself in an address before the Industrial Art League of Chicago at a recent banquet. We make room for the quotation, hoping that other "Daughters" reading it may take heed and go and do likewise:

"What is the problem of life?" The problem of life is the social problem, and the social problem is the elimination of waste. Here we have able-bodied, intelligent men out of employment; and instead of letting them produce for their own needs, we clothe, we feed, and we shelter them. We do this through charity, poorhouses, and prisons. We explain to them that the reason they are hungry is because they have produced too much food; the reason they have no shoes to wear is because they have made too many shoes; the reason they have no coal is because they have mined too much coal; and the reason they are clothesless is because they have manufactured too much cloth. You see it is so simple to understand that the less we make the more we have, and that the more we have made the less we have. This is what we call the theory of overproduction. It is evident that the only overproduction we have is the overproduction of ignorance. The philosophy of having one portion of society productive and the other portion supplying its needs, is the philosophy of ignorance and waste.

Ruskin has so aptly said: "Life without industry is guilt, labor without art is brutality." If our Revolutionary fathers were present they would be found in the industrial art movement, assisting us to solve the problems of life; the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty, of misery where happiness should be. Were we

able to receive a message from the tomb it would read like this: "We care very little for monuments made of stone; they are too cold and have no life in them. Neither do we care for noises on the Fourth of July; this, too, is of little comfort. Patriotism consists not of stones and noises; patriotism is the working out of the problems of life. We gave our lives for a principle, to prevent the taking away of property without the owner's consent. We would give our lives again to create opportunity for the people's happiness. If you wish to build a monument, build one of living men and women; bring happiness to the children of men. If you desire noise, let it come forth as a glad song of joy from the hearts of men. This will be the greatest monument you can build us; this will be a great celebration to us."



CONCERNING D. R. AND D. A. R.



## CONCERNING D. R. AND D. A. R.

**T**HE question is often asked, what is the difference between the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution, and why are there two societies apparently with the same objects and aims. It is the purpose of this article to set forth the difference so that a person contemplating joining one of the women's patriotic societies may be able to make intelligent choice.

The Society D. A. R. was organized in Washington, October, 1890, for the laudable purpose of a patriotic society. But in the article of the constitution providing for admission there was a peculiar clause. After describing the services of the patriot ancestor necessary to make the descendant eligible, the article further provides that any person descended "from the mother of such a patriot" is also eligible to the society. This clause remained in force until 1895, and it is not an unreasonable supposition that many availed themselves of such easy terms of entrance. In fact, the Lineage Book of the D. A. R. shows many

charter members who entered on such collateral claims.

In application, the "mother of a patriot clause" worked as follows: suppose a Revolutionary mother had several sons, one a Patriot, the others Tories or stay-at-homes; suppose she had besides several daughters, and that she herself had no particular sympathy with the cause of Independence or contributed in any way toward the same. Now on the strength of her being the mother of the one patriot son, the female descendants of all the other sons, and of the daughters as well, were equally eligible to the D. A. R., for they could all claim kin with the "mother of a patriot." This eligibility, it will be seen, was based on sentiment, not on descent.

As already stated, this clause was not repealed until 1895, after the D. R. Society was increasing in strength and numbers. Even at the present time the D. A. R. provision for entrance has a clause susceptible of various interpretations. This is the "recognized patriot" provision; just what constituted a "recognized patriot" is a matter of conjecture in what did such a one differ from a soldier, sailor, civil officer or one who rendered material aid to the cause.

The main difference between the two societies is this question of membership on collateral claims. The D. R. contend that to be "Daughters" we must have had grandfathers in some de-



gree in Revolutionary service; that uncles, cousins, and others relatives remotely removed cannot be termed direct ancestors.

Another marked point of difference is in government. The D. A. R. Society is governed by a National Board at Washington which concentrates in itself all authority. State organizations as such there are none; there are state regents but they have merely nominal authority. Besides these regents there are no other state officers. Chapters are responsible to the National Board and send their dues to the same. This lack of state organization is detrimental to patriotic work in a state as a whole; single chapters may undertake such but there is no provision for union of effort.

A point often made is that the D. A. R. have a national charter. From the fact that the society was incorporated in the District of Columbia, where the only body to confer a charter of any kind is Congress, this claim loses its significance. The society stands upon exactly the same level as any other corporation chartered in the district, and its powers are no more extended than those of any other patriotic organization.

Now as to the Daughters of the Revolution. The society was organized in September, 1891, by certain members of the D. A. R. who were dissatisfied with the loose conditions of admission im-

plied in the "mother of a patriot" clause, and with the spirit of autocracy which was manifesting itself in the management at Washington. The society was duly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as an organization national in its work and purposes. The requirements for admission were fixed in the beginning as lineal descent from a Revolutionary ancestor, and unquestioned proof of the patriotic service of such ancestor. Collateral claims were absolutely barred out, and such statements as "he rendered important service in the Revolutionary War," and "he was an officer in the Revolution under Washington" were not accepted. Applicants were required to make affidavit as to their line of descent, and to give documentary proof or other trustworthy evidence of ancestor's service. The rules thus laid down have been strictly adhered to and no considerations of wealth or social position have caused or cause the slightest deviation. The pervading spirit of the D. R. is purely democratic. This is shown most conclusively in the matter of insignia: there is but one badge for all Daughters recognizable as such through our country. No jewels and no bars are permitted to show difference in wealth or lineage.

The organization of the D. R. provides for a board of managers including the officers and fourteen members, which board has a general

oversight of the affairs of the society, passes upon applications, admits members, organizes state societies, etc. In the respective states where there is D. R. organization the affairs of the society are managed by state societies, which in their turn have supervision of local chapters and of the members in the state. These state societies have a complete set of officers, and the power is thus distributed as in our government, between the central government, the states, and the cities. Our object is to devote money and work in the states themselves. In the thirteen original states our work is directed toward marking Revolutionary sites, preserving documents and relics, and in the other states much has been done in promoting the observance of national holidays, and also in arousing and fostering a spirit of patriotism in the public schools.

The D. R. membership is large and is steadily increasing: our method of strict requirements and careful scrutiny of applications makes the increase healthful and desirable. There are state organizations in thirty states and members are scattered all through the Union.

If one becomes a Daughter of the Revolution she may be sure that there can never be any question about her status as a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary ancestor. She belongs to a society where all members stand on an equal foot-

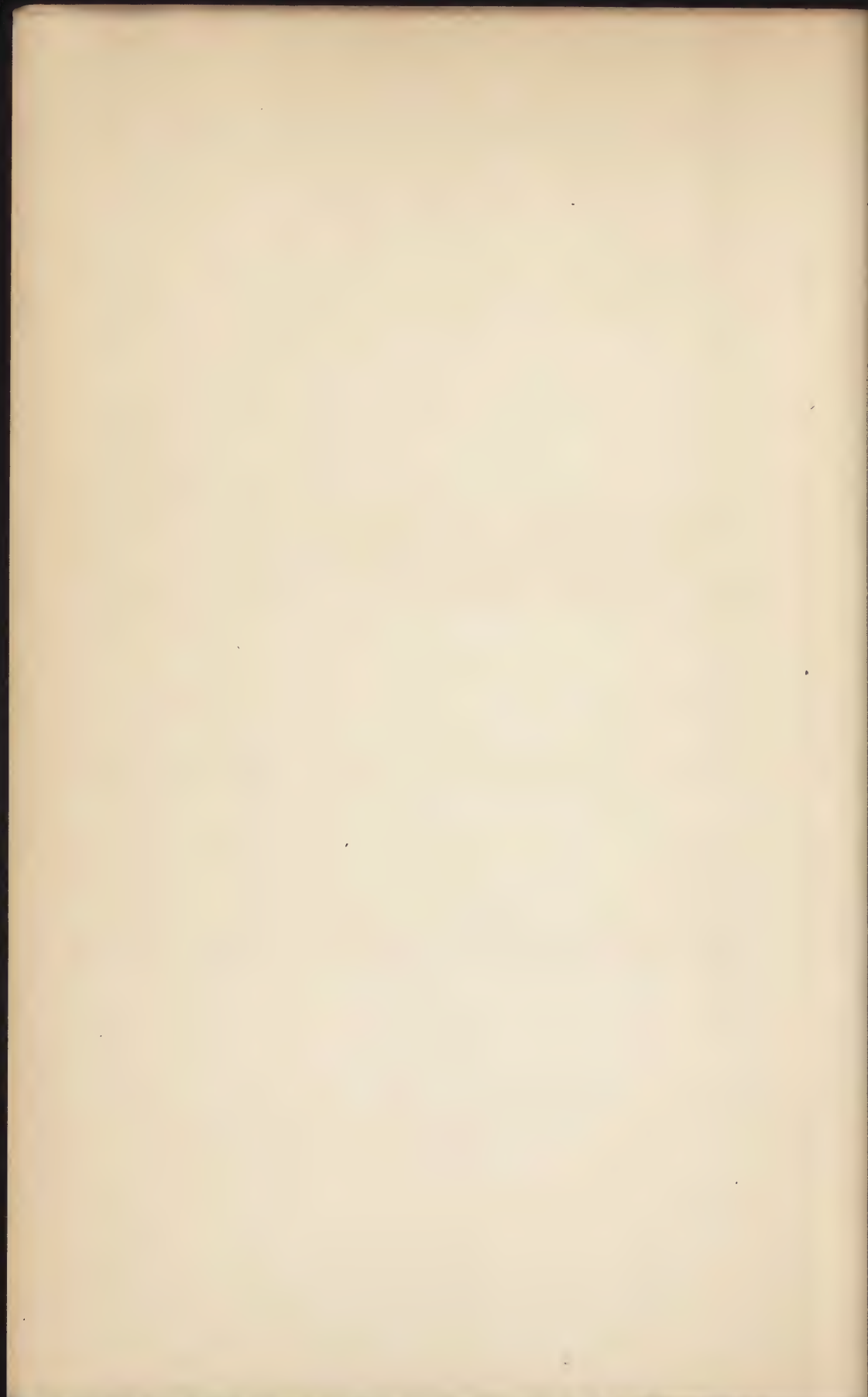
ing, she need apologize for no associate or make elaborate explanation why such a one was admitted. "Daughters of the Revolution" carries its full significance in its very title.

By order of the Board of Managers,  
General Society, D. R.

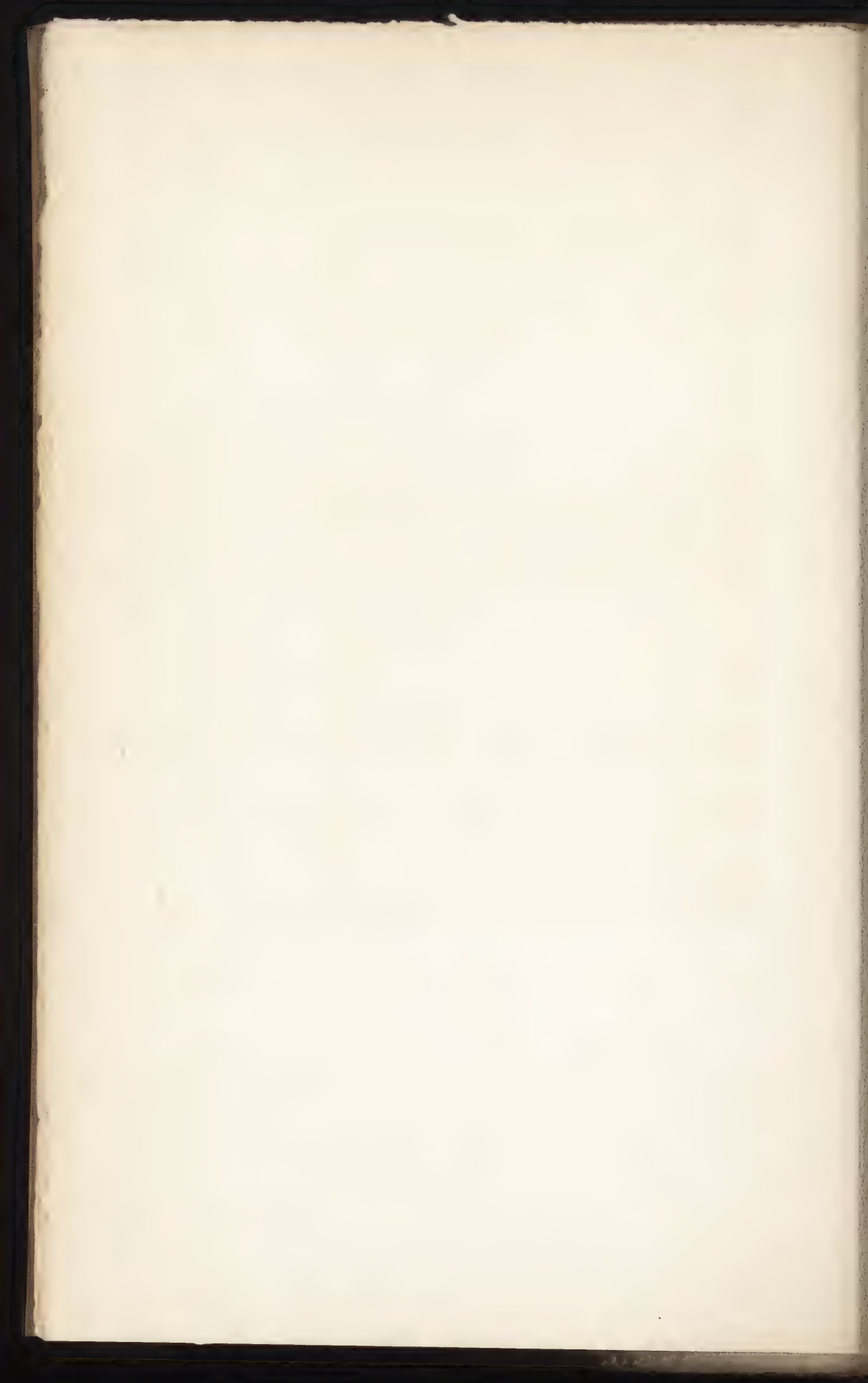




A Corner of the Room of the D. R. Guild.



THE ILLINOIS REGIMENT  
IN THE WAR OF THE  
REVOLUTION





## THE ILLINOIS REGIMENT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

Illinois played a heroic part in the American Revolution—at this critical time the English had possession of the Illinois valley. Governor Hamilton was in command of the Northwest territory, with headquarters at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia. From these forts supplies were distributed and emissaries sent frequently among the Indians to inflame them against the whites. Arms and ammunition were furnished to the savages without cost throughout the West and South. An order of Hamilton is extant in which he offered the Indians "All the necessary means to murder the exposed frontier inhabitants," and it is known that he actually paid British gold for the scalps of the whites, thereby winning for himself the nickname of Hair Buyer.

Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia decided to send an expedition into the territory to take the forts and destroy Hamilton's influence with the Indians and a settlement of Canadian French

in and about Kaskaskia. For this service he chose George Rogers Clark, since known as the Hannibal of the West. (Clark Street, Chicago, was named for him.) Clark was born in Virginia, on November 14, 1752. He was a sturdy lad, and like Washington, started as a land-surveyor. In 1774 he was on the staff of Governor Dunmore of Virginia, and did active service in the campaign against the Indians.

Governor Henry appointed Clark lieutenant colonel with authority to raise seven companies for the capture of Kaskaskia in Illinois. At this time Illinois included the states now known as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

On February 4, 1778, Colonel Clark started for Pittsburg where he raised three companies and embarked down the Ohio to Corn Island, which he fortified and occupied. Here he met by appointment Captain Bowman who had succeeded in raising a company from Kentucky. Colonel Clark found it impossible to raise any more men, and of the ones enlisted many grew faint-hearted and refused to serve so that his force finally dwindled to 153 men. These were divided into four companies under command of John Montgomery, Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helm, and William Harrod.

With this little force Col. Clark proceeded to Fort Massac, which he reached June 4th. Here he left the river for the overland journey to Kaskas-

kia, the British Indian stronghold on the Mississippi.

It was a wearisome march through a strange country but the brave little band pressed forward fearlessly. On the Fourth of July Col. Clark delivered the following address:

"Soldiers we are near the enemy for which we have been struggling for years. We are not fighting alone for liberty and independence, but for the defense of our frontiers from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians. We are defending the lives of our women and children, although a long distance from them. These British garrisons furnish the Indians with powder and lead to desolate our frontiers, and pay gold for human scalps.

"We must take and destroy these garrisons. The fort before us is one of them, and it must be taken. We cannot retreat, we have no provisions, and we must conquer.

"This is the 4th of July; we must act to honor it and let it not be said in after times that Virginians were defeated on that memorable day. The fort and town, I repeat it, must be taken at all hazards."

Among those who are mentioned as being with the command at this time are the following:

Lieutenant Colonel Geo. Rogers Clark.

Captains John Montgomery, Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helm, William Harrod.

Sergeant Shadrac Bond, who afterwards became the first state governor of Illinois.

John Duff.

George Lunsford,

William Murry.

William Long.

John Montgomery.

David Pagan.

James Piggot.

Larkin Rutherford.

John Saunders, guide.

Simon Kenton.

The river was crossed in silence. Night had fallen and the enemy slept. Governor Rocheblave, a Frenchman who had sworn allegiance to the English, was in command of the fort. Stealthily as Indians themselves the Virginians stole upon the sleeping garrison, and with a quick rush took possession of the fort, making the commander prisoner. The inhabitants were terrified at the unexpected onslaught, but Colonel Clark called them together and informed them that the king of France had united his forces with the Americans and that the war would soon be over. Every Frenchman in Kaskaskia immediately espoused the American cause. The Rev. Father Gibault called his flock together in the little chapel and songs of praise and thanksgiving mingled with the tones of the liberty bell of the Mississippi Valley, as it pealed forth the same



glad tidings proclaimed for Americans from that other liberty bell just two years before.

The capture of Kaskaskia was followed immediately by the surrender of Cahokia, a fort on the east bank of the Mississippi opposite the present city of St. Louis. Vincennes (or as the British had named the French fort on the Wabash River, Sackville), was easily captured, and all that part of the country became American territory. The British afterwards recaptured Vincennes but Colonel Clark, after a campaign in the early spring during floods and severe storms drove the British out and re-established it as an American post.

It is probable that had George Roger Clark's expedition never been undertaken the United States might have been limited to the thirteen original states. Surely it is fitting that the descendants of the Revolutionary soldiers commemorate the deeds of that Illinois regiment. The hills of old Kaskaskia re-echoed the battle cry from beyond the Alleghanies in the campaign of Colonel Clark and his band of brave Virginian frontiersmen. Before the surrender of these forts the British possessed the country from the Mississippi to the Alleghanies, and with the surrender of Quebec in 1759 all the country north of the Tennessee River. This now for the first time became the territory of the United States.





Corner Cupboard of D. R. Chapter.





## LIST OF OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ILLINOIS REGIMENT

### BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

Geo. Rogers Clark.

### LIEUT.-COLONEL.

John Montgomery.

### MAJORS.

Thomas Quirk,

Geo. Slaughter.

### CAPTAINS.

John Montgomery,  
Joseph Bowman,  
Leonard Helm,  
William Harrod,  
John Bailey,  
Richard Brashear,  
Abraham Chaplain,  
Benjamin Fields,  
Robert George,  
John Gerault,

Richard Harrison,  
Abraham Keller,  
Richard McCarty,  
Michael Pereault,  
John Rogers,  
Benjamin Roberts,  
Mark Thomas,  
Isaac Taylor,  
Robert Todd,  
John Williams.

### LIEUTENANTS.

Richard Clark,  
William Clark,  
James Merriweather,  
James Montgomery,

James Robertson,  
William Roberts,  
Joseph Saunders,  
Jarrett Williams.

### ENSIGNS.

William Asher,

Laurence Slaughter.

### CORNET.

John Thurston.

### PRIVATEES.

Allery, Joseph,  
Allen, John,  
Allen, Isaac,  
Alonton, Jacob,  
Allen, John,  
Adams, Francis,  
Ash, John,  
Andree, Jean, Sergeant,  
Antier, Francois,  
Abbott, William,  
Abbott, William, Jr.,  
Anderson, John,  
Allen, Samuel, Sergeant,  
Allen, David,  
Asher, Bartlett,  
Apperson, Richard,  
Bell, William,  
Bailey, David,  
Ballinger, Larkin,  
Blair, John,  
Breedon, Richard,  
Brown, James,  
Berry, William,  
Bentley, James,  
Bentley, John,  
Brazier, Peter,  
Bush, John,  
Bush, Drewrey,  
Brown, James,  
Boston, William,  
Boston, Travis,  
Baxter, James, Corporal,  
Brown, Lew,  
Brown, John,  
Balter, Peter,  
Biron, J. B., Sergeant,  
Brown, Colin,  
Barry, William,  
Bevard, —,

Blancher, Pierre,  
Blein, Pierre, Corporal,  
Broissard, Pierre,  
Bouche, John, Sergeant,  
Benton, Thomas,  
Bressie, Richard,  
Breedon, John, Sergeant,  
Bird, Samuel,  
Batcher, Gaspar,  
Back, John,  
Ballard, Bland, Sergeant,  
Ballard, Proctor, Sergeant,  
Ballard, James, Corporal,  
Bowen, William, Corporal,  
Bush, Thomas,  
Ballard, Bland William,  
Barber, John,  
Burnett, Robert,  
Blankenship Henry,  
Bryant, James,  
Bowman, Christian,  
Burk, Geo.,  
Binkley, William,  
Ballinger, James,  
Banis, John,  
Bender, Robert,  
Burberidge, John,  
Burberidge, William,  
Butts, William,  
Bender, Lewis,  
Beckley, William,  
Buskey, Francis,  
Boils, John,  
Bowling, Ebenezer,  
Brown, Asher,  
Bingoman, Adam,  
Bass, David,  
Blackford, Samuel,  
Barney, Simon,

Brown, Lewis,  
 Begraw, Alexander,  
 Bond, Shadrac, Sergeant,  
 Blead, David, Sergeant,  
 Brown, Collin, Sergeant,  
 Burne, Pierre, Sergeant,  
 Balton, Daniel, Sergeant,  
 Bush, William, Sergeant,  
 Clark, Andrew, Sergeant,  
 Crump, William, Sergeant,  
 Creze, Noah,  
 Cohen, Dennis,  
 Chapman, Richard,  
 Chick, William,  
 Cormilla, Patric,  
 Chapman, Edward,  
 Chapman, William,  
 Crossby, William,  
 Cowan, John,  
 Camp, Reuben,  
 Camper, Tillman,  
 Cogan, Peter,  
 Cogan, Jacob,  
 Clifton, Thomas,  
 Clark, John,  
 Cannon, Andrew,  
 Cabbage, Joseph,  
 Curry, James,  
 Conway, Patrick,  
 Cure, Jean Baptist,  
 Corns, John,  
 Crawley, John,  
 Cooper, Joseph,  
 Cooper, Ramsey,  
 Coste, J. B. de,  
 Clairmont, Michael,  
 Cabassie, B.,  
 Coffee, Samuel,  
 Connolly, Thomas,  
 Conn, John,  
 Campo, Louis,  
 Campo, Michael,  
 Campbell, George, Sergeant,  
 Cowdry, John,

Cowan, Andrew,  
 Cowan, Mason,  
 Calvin, Daniel,  
 Corder (or Corden), James,  
 Campbell, John,  
 Curtis, Rice,  
 Chambers, Ellick,  
 Cockran, Edward,  
 Cockran, George,  
 Coheron, Dennis,  
 Carbine, Henry, Sergeant,  
 Cameron, James, Corporal,  
 Cowgill, Daniel,  
 Crutcher, Henry, V. & Q. M.,  
 Crane, John St.,  
 Certain, Page,  
 Compera, Louis,  
 Convince, Paul,  
 Contraw, Francis,  
 Compera, Francis,  
 Comtz, Christopher,  
 Cox, James,  
 Coclet, Andrew,  
 Damewood, Boston,  
 Dewett, Henry, Sergeant,  
 Donovan, John,  
 Davis, Robert,  
 Darnell, Cornelius,  
 Dawson, James,  
 Detering, Jacob,  
 Doherty, John,  
 Durst, Daniel, Sergt.-Maj.,  
 Decker, Jacob, (died), Sergt.  
     Major,  
 Davis, James, Sergeant,  
 Dalhonian, Pierre,  
 Deerand, P.,  
 Dusablong, B.,  
 Duselle, Mons.,  
 Dardy, John,  
 Dardy, Baptiste,  
 Dolphin, Peter,  
 Day, William,  
 Durrett, James,

Doherty, Frederick, (died),	Freeman, Peter,
Doherty, Edward,	Foster, Henry,
Dawson, James,	Frost, Stephen,
Donrichelle, Louis,	Godfrey, Francis,
Denton, Thomas, Sergeant,	Gognia, Louis,
Duncan (or Duncon), Nim-	Grimes, John,
rod,	Grolet, Francis, Sr.,
Duncan (or Duncon), Benja-	Grolet, Francis, Jr.,
min,	Gaskins, Thomas,
Doyle, John,	Ginan, S. Frederick,
Duncan (or Duncon), Sam-	Germain, J. R.,
uel,	Grimshine, John,
Duncan (or Duncon), Archi-	Gognia, Jacque,
bald,	Gallagan, Owen,
Duncan (or Duncon), Chas.,	Garuldon (or Ganchdon),
Duncan (or Duncon), Joseph,	Baptiste,
Dudley, Armistead,	Gognia, Pierre,
Doud, Roger,	Goodwin (or Goodman) Wil-
Duff, John,	liam.
Donow, Joseph,	Goodloe, Henry, Sergeant,
Drumgold, James, Sergeant,	Glass, Michael,
Duncan, David,	Gwin, William, (died),
Deen, James, (died),	Goodwin, Edward,
Darnell, Cornelius,	Greenwood, Daniel,
Davis, Joseph,	Goodwin, Amos,
Elms, William, Sergeant,	Gaines (or Garner), Wil-
Evans, Charles,	liam,
Elms, James,	Gordon, John,
Elms, John,	George, John,
English, Robert,	Gamin (or Gannia), Abra-
Evans, Stanhope,	ham,
Estis, James,	Green, John, Sergeant,
Frazier, Abraham, Sergeant,	Garrett, John, Sergeant,
Favers, John, Sergeant,	Gibbons, Samuel,
Flandigan, Dominick, Ser-	Glenn, David,
geant,	Graham, James,
Floyd, Isham, Sergeant,	Guess, John,
Freemen, William, Sergeant,	Gratiott, Jean,
Fair, Edmund, Sergeant,	Green, James, (died),
Fever, William, Sergeant,	Gaines, John,
Funk, Henry,	Hardin, Francis,
Fache, Louis,	Horn, Christopher,
Field, Lewis, (prisoner),	Hooper, Thomas, (died),
Field, Daniel, (died),	Honndsler, Charles,



Hollis, Joshua,  
 Hoffman, Jacob,  
 Harrison, Richard,  
 Hazard, John, Sergeant,  
 Humphries, Samuel,  
 Holmes, James,  
 Huff, Phillip, Matross,  
 Hopkins, Richard, Matross,  
 Hant, Henry (killed), Ser-  
 geant,  
 Hite, George,  
 Ham, Jeremiah,  
 Harrison, James, Gunner,  
 Hays, Thomas,  
 Huin, William, Corporal,  
 Higgins, Barney,  
 Hammet, James, (died),  
 Hart, Miles,  
 Hays, James,  
 Halber, Francis,  
 Hicks, Mordeci, (died),  
 Hawkins, Sam'l, Corporal,  
 Horton, Adin,  
 Hawley, Richard,  
 Hicks, David, Sergeant,  
 Hall, William,  
 Howell, Peter,  
 Heywood, Benj.,  
 Hendrix, Andrew,  
 House, Andrew,  
 Head, James,  
 Heldebrand, James,  
 Hico, Peter, Sr.,  
 Hico, Peter, Jr.,  
 Hatlar, Christopher,  
 Hatcher (or Hacker), John  
 Isaacs, John,  
 Irby, David,  
 Johnston, John,  
 Jewell, John,  
 Jarrell, James,  
 Johnston, Edward,  
 Jones, Edward,  
 Jones, (or Johuns), Mathew,

Jewell, Charles,  
 Jamieson, Thomas, Ser-  
 geant,  
 Jones, John,  
 Jones, David,  
 Johnston, Samuel,  
 Joines, John, Sergeant,  
 Kellar, Isaac,  
 King, George,  
 Kennedy, David,  
 King, Nicholas,  
 Kincaid, James,  
 Kendall, William,  
 Kirkley, James,  
 Kirk, Thomas,  
 Kerr, William,  
 Kidd, Robert,  
 Key, George,  
 Key, Thomas,  
 Kemp, Reuben,  
 Kina, Christopher,  
 Lunsford, Anthony,  
 Lunsford, Mason,  
 Lunsford, Geo.,  
 Lasley, John,  
 Laughlin, Peter,  
 Lovell, Richard,  
 Levinston, George,  
 Luzader, Abraham,  
 Lenox, Thomas, (killed),  
 Lewis, Benjamin, (killed),  
 Larose, Francis,  
 Laventure, J., Sergeant,  
 Lafleur, Pierre,  
 Lamarche, Louis,  
 Lamarche, J. B.,  
 Lamarche, Bramvard,  
 Laviolette, Baptist,  
 Leney, Thomas, Gunner,  
 L'Enfant, Francis,  
 Laform, John,  
 Lavigne, Joseph,  
 Laviolette, Louis,  
 LaBelle, Charles,

Levey, John,  
 Lyon, Jacob,  
 Long, William,  
 Lyons, John,  
 Lockhart (or Locket), Pleas-  
 ant,  
 Lockhart, Archibald,  
 Laubran, —,  
 Lasant, Joseph,  
 Lapoint, Louis,  
 LaCasse, Jacques,  
 LaFaro, Francis,  
 Lafarton, Francis,  
 Logan, Hugh,  
 Lewis, James,  
 Missie, Bernard,  
 Murry, Edward,  
 Montgomery, John,  
 McDermott, Francis,  
 Mayfield, Micajah,  
 Mayfield, James,  
 Mayfield, Isaac,  
 Morris, Jacob,  
 Maid, Ebenezer, (killed),  
 Mayfield, Elijah,  
 Morn, John, Sergeant,  
 McMickle, John,  
 Morris, James, (died),  
 Miller, Abraham, (killed),  
 Corporal,  
 Montgomery, John,  
 Montgomery, William,  
 McLockland, Charles,  
 Marsh, John,  
 Mathews, Edward, Sergeant,  
 Morgan, Charles, Sergeant  
 and Gunner,  
 McGuire, John,  
 McIntosh, James,  
 Marsionville, Mar de,  
 Monet, J. R.,  
 Maidone, J. B.,  
 Manisette, M.,  
 Mason, Charles, Sergeant,

Mulby, William, Gunner,  
 Marr, Patrick, Corporal and  
 Sergeant,  
 McMichaels, John,  
 McMullen, James,  
 Mustach, —  
 Malroof, Joseph,  
 Moran (or Mauran), Peter,  
 McClure, Patrick,  
 Merriweather, William,  
 Miller, John,  
 Murry, William,  
 Martin, Charles,  
 McDonald, David,  
 Marshen, Nathaniel, (died),  
 Murphy, John,  
 Meadows, Josiah,  
 Murry, Thomas, Sergeant,  
 Milton (or Wilton), Daniel,  
 McClain, Thomas,  
 Munnrony, William, Ser-  
 geant,  
 Munrony, Sylvester,  
 McQuiddy, Thomas,  
 McDaniel, Thomas,  
 McDonald, James,  
 Martin, Elijah,  
 Munmilly, Joseph,  
 Manous, Joseph,  
 McKin, James,  
 Martin, Solomon,  
 Malbeff, Joseph,  
 McKinney, John,  
 Moore, John,  
 Martin, Pierre,  
 Monet, William,  
 Moore, Thomas,  
 Marshall, William,  
 McDonald, Thomas,  
 McGann, John,  
 Newton, Peter,  
 Nelson, Enoch,  
 Nelson, John,  
 Nelson, John,

Nash, Franchis,  
 Neal, John,  
 Nare, Conrad,  
 Nobbs, Mark,  
 Onslow, Charles,  
 Oakley, John,  
 Oliver, John,  
 Oharro, Michael,  
 Oaker, Samuel,  
 Oliver, Lewis,  
 Owditt (or Odett), Lewis,  
 Ofin, James,  
 Oliver, Turner,  
 Ozburn, (or Ozborn), Ebenezer,  
 Parker, Edward, Sergeant,  
 Partwood, Page, Sergeant,  
 Perie, William, Sergeant,  
 Patterson, John,  
 Potter, James,  
 Patterson, William,  
 Pulford, John,  
 Payne, Adams,  
 Priest, Peter,  
 Pritchett (or Pritcher), William, Corporal,  
 Pittman, Buckner, Sergeant,  
 Pupin, N.,  
 Purcell (or Pursley), William,  
 Penett (or Penit), Joshua,  
 Panther, Joseph,  
 Pellat, Charles,  
 Parisienne, Baptiste,  
 Pepin, John, (killed),  
 Penir, Jesse, (killed),  
 Puncrass, Joseph,  
 Puncrass, Francis,  
 Peltier, Joseph,  
 Peguin, Francis,  
 Powell, Micajah,  
 Payne, William,  
 Pagan, David,  
 Potter, Ebenezer,

Peaters, John,  
 Phillips, Henry,  
 Piggot, James,  
 Parault, Peter,  
 Pickens, Samuel,  
 Petter, Joseph,  
 Poores, Archer, Fifer,  
 Ross, John, Sergeant,  
 Ryan, Andrews, Sergeant,  
 Rubido, Francis, (died), Sergeant,  
 Ruddell (or Riddle), Cornilius,  
 Ryan, Lazarus, Sergeant,  
 Ramsey, Jas., Sergeant,  
 Rector, John, Sergeant,  
 Roy, Julien, Sergeant,  
 Ranger, J. B., Sergeant,  
 Robertson, John, Sergeant,  
 Ross, James, Sergeant,  
 Rice, John, Sergeant,  
 Rogers, David, Sergeant,  
 Rogers, Joseph,  
 Rutherford, Larkin,  
 Richards, Lewis, Sergeant,  
 Richards, Dick,  
 Robinson, Richard,  
 Ross, Joseph, Corporal,  
 Roberts, Benjamin, Sergeant,  
 Roberts, Eliab,  
 Russell, Benjamin,  
 Randal, Robert,  
 Roberts, Joseph,  
 Rushare, Francis,  
 Rabey, Cader,  
 Riley, Patrick,  
 Rubido, James,  
 Rollison, Wm., (died),  
 Shepherd, Peter, Corporal,  
 Shepherd, George,  
 Smith, William,  
 Slaughter, John, Sergeant,  
 Shoemaker, Leonard,

Saunders, John, Guide	Taylor, James,
Smith, Joseph,	Turpin, Richard, (killed),
Setzer, John,	Thompson, James,
Slack, William,	Triplett, Pettis,
Snellock, Thomas,	Trillis, Griffin,
Smithers (or Smothers),	Taliaferro, Richard C.,
John,	Thomas, Edward,
Smith, George,	Taylor, Edward,
Smith, Josiah, Gunner,	Taylor, Benjamin,
Shank, John,	Tolley, John,
Shank, Jacob,	Tyler, William,
Dills, Samuel, Corporal,	Tolley, Daniel,
Smith, David,	Taylor, Abraham,
Smith, Randall,	Thorington, Joseph,
Spencer, John,	Thompson William, Cor-
Searay, John,	poral,
Smock, Henry,	Taylor, Thomas,
Ship, William,	Underhill, James,
Snow, George,	Vrushiner, Thomas,
Seare, William,	Villiers, Francis, (killed),
Siburn, Christopher,	Sergeant,
Sennett, Richard,	Villard, Isaac,
Scates, David,	Veale, Peter,
Savage, Bryan,	Whitehead, William,
Stobali, Thomas,	Whitehead, Robert,
Sowers, Frederick,	White, Randal,
Slaughter, George,	Whit, Robert,
Shannon, William,	Welton, Daniel,
Stephenson, John, Sergeant,	Whitten, Daniel,
Stephenson, Samuel,	Ward, Thomas,
Savage, Dominick,	Watlers, Lewis,
Soverims, Ebenezer, Ser-	Watkins, Samuel,
geant.	Williams, John,
St. Michaels, —	Waters, Barney,
St. Mary, Baptiste	Walker, John, Sergeant,
Signier, Francis,	Wheat, Jacob,
Sworden, Jonathan,	Wallace, David,
Severidge, John,	Whitacre, David,
Sharlock, James,	White, William,
Spillman, James,	Waggoner, Peter,
Trent, Beverly, Sergeant,	Wood, Charles,
Tuttle, Nicholas,	Wheel, Jacob,
Tygard, Daniel,	Wilkenson, William,
Trantham, Martin,	Wray, Thomas,





Wash-bowl and Pitcher Used by Washington, Relics in D. R. Chapter.



Ward, Lewis,  
Williams, George,  
Wisner, Christopher,  
Wheeler, John,  
Waddington, John,  
Wright, William,  
Wethers, Benjamin,  
West, John,  
White, Randolph, Sergeant,  
White, John,  
Workman, Conrad, Sergeant,

Wenrate, —  
White, Laden,  
Williams, Zachariah,  
Williams, Daniel,  
Wilson, John, Sergeant,  
Wray, Thomas,  
Yates, Isaac,  
Young, John, Sergeant,  
Zuckledz, William,  
Zimmerman, Frederick,

EXTRACT FROM CONSTITUTION OF  
ILLINOIS STATE SOCIETY OF THE  
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this Society shall be the Illinois Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this Society shall be to keep alive among its members and their descendants and throughout the community the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscripts, rolls, records, and other documents relative to the War of the American Revolution, and to provide a place for their preservation, and a fund for their purchase; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution, and to publish results; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to our connection with the War of the Revolution, and to promote social intercourse



and the feeling of fellowship among its members, and to provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished, when it is in its power to do so.

#### ARTICLE IV.

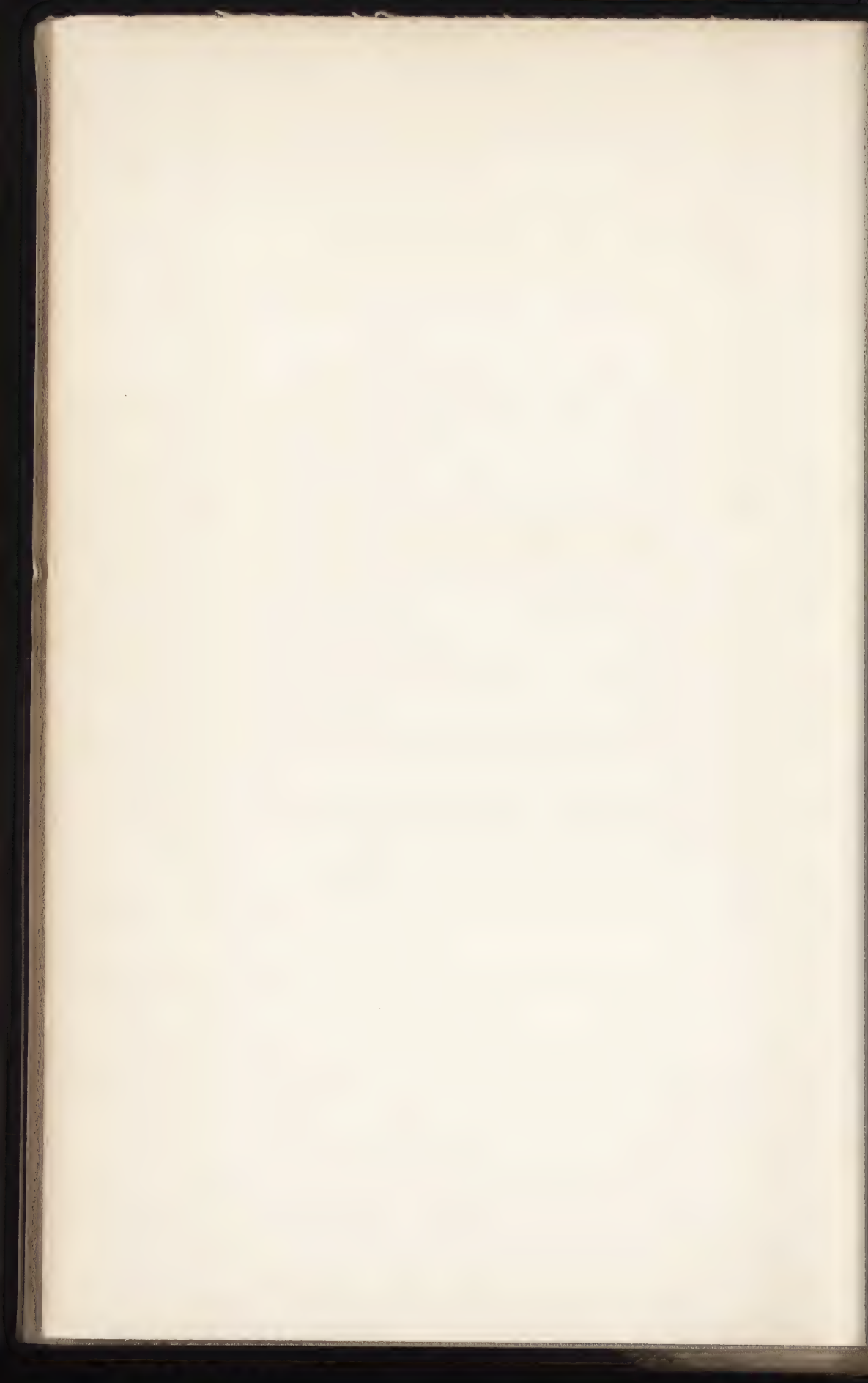
Section 1.—Membership. Any woman resident of State of Illinois shall be eligible to membership in The Illinois Daughters of the Revolution who is above the age of 18 years, of good character and a lineal descendant of an ancestor who

- (1) was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Continental Congress, or a member of the Congress, Legislature, or General Court of any of the Colonies or States; or
- (2) rendered civil, military or naval service under the authority of any of the thirteen Colonies or of the Continental Congress; or
- (3) by service rendered during the War of the Revolution became liable to the penalty of Treason against the government of Great Britain:

provided that such ancestor always remained loyal to the cause of American Independence.

Any person eligible to membership address,

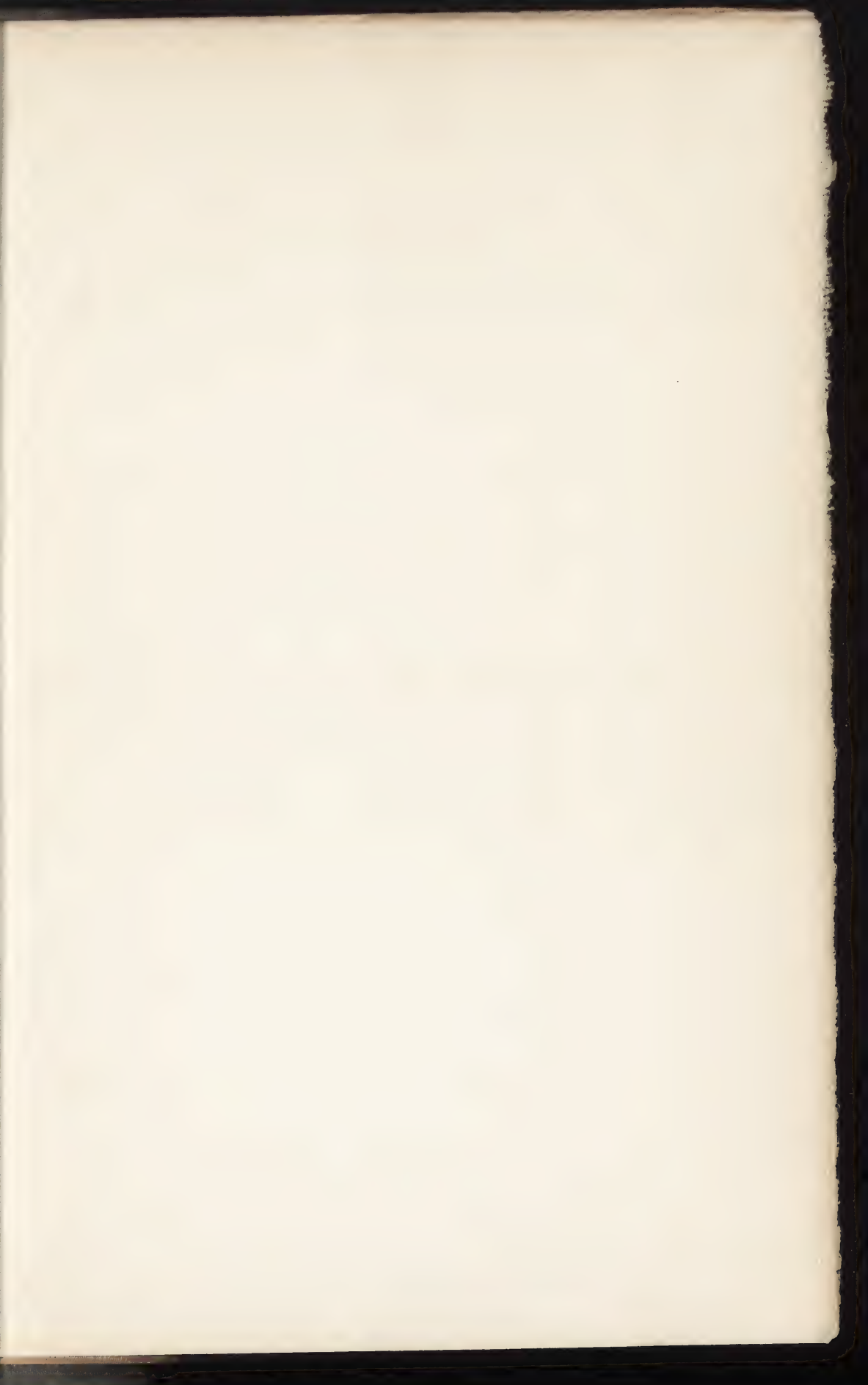
MRS. HANNAH O. HOOPS,  
2957 Michigan Boulevard.



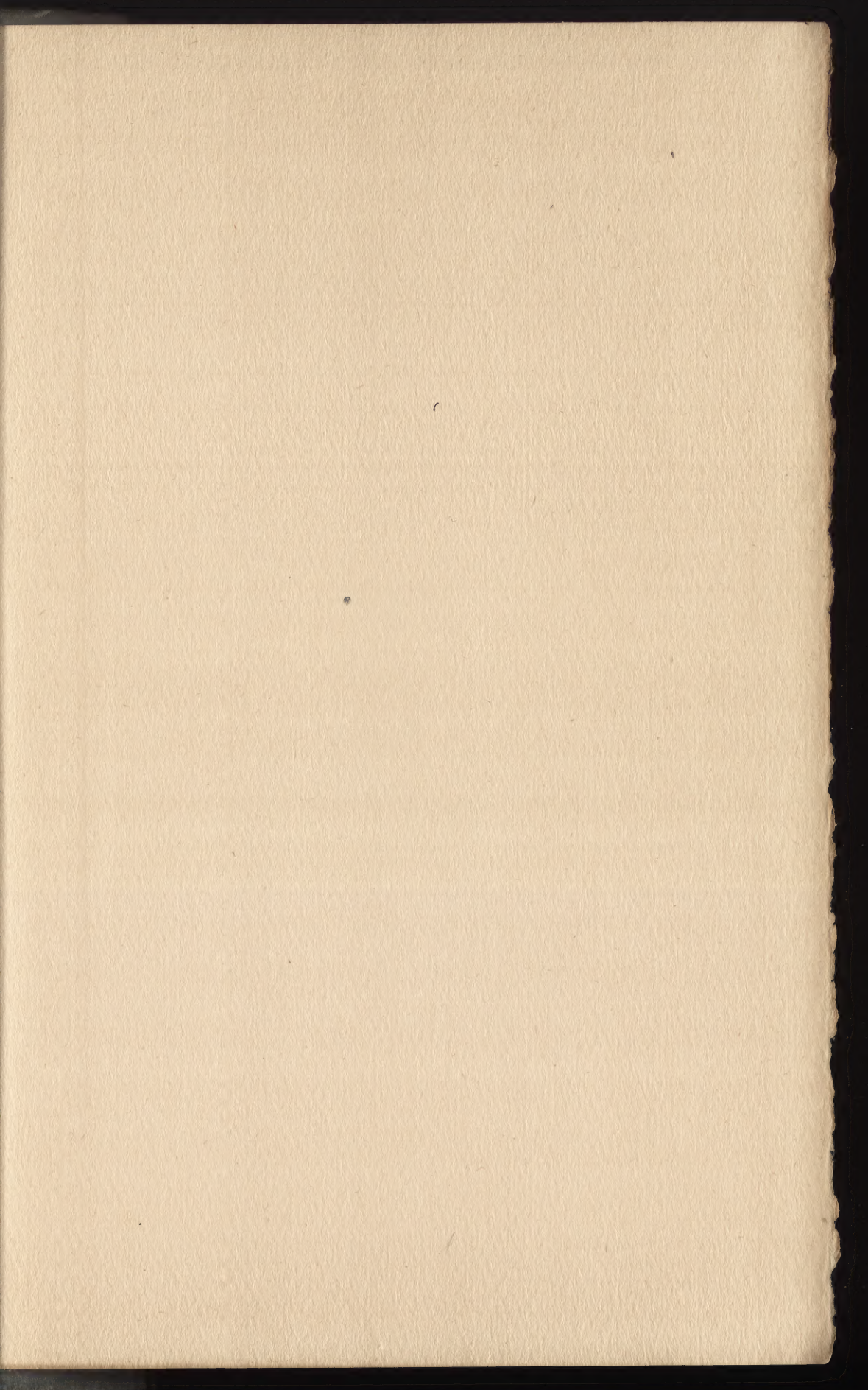
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